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BY

THOMAS SANDERSON.

——*SUPPLEX POPULI SUFFRAGIA CAPTO.*

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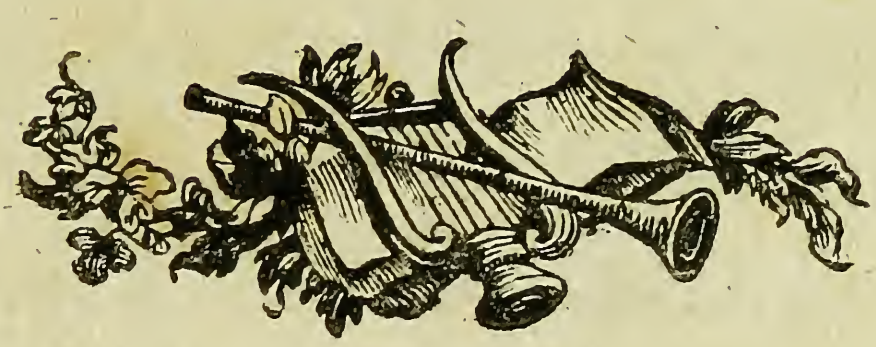

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The Author cannot take leave of his friends without warmly thanking them for the generous encouragement they have given to the subscription. Their benevolence does them the more honour, as it was called forth in the favour of a Person who cannot make them any better return than mere professions of gratitude.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES*.

	Page.
The Evergreen,	1
Written, in a Spring Morning, on the Banks of the River Caldew,	3
The Harvest-Home,	5
The Prospect,	8
Written under the Author's Portrait,	10
The Passing-Bell,	11
Written on a Blank Leaf in Dr. Stuart's History of Scotland,	12
Approach of Winter,	14
Simplicity: a Pastoral,	16
To a Young Lady, on seeing a Performance of hers in Needle-work,	18
Lord Lonsdale's Campaign,	20
Written in a Spring Morning,	35
Shakespeare, the Warwickshire Thief,	36
To a Gentleman who thought that a certain	

* This title, from some oversight, has been improperly placed in the book at the head of the Odes and Epistles.

Page.

beautiful Young Lady had too much of the Coquette in her Behaviour, ... 38
Written in 1798, during the Illuminations for Admiral Nelson's Victory, ... 39
Addressed to the Bishop of Landaff, . . 41
A Peep into a Miser's Hut, ... 43
The unrelenting Victress, ... 48
The fair Recluse, ... 51
Written under the Shade of some Elms, said to be planted by Queen Mary, of Scotland, 53
Written during a Fall of Snow, ... 57
Address to Winter, ... 59
The Green Shade, ... 61
Pastora's Complaint, ... 62
Written on recovering from a long and severe Illness, ... 64
The Morning Walk, ... 68
To a Young Lady, on seeing her write her Name upon the Snow, ... 69
Rural Happiness, ... 70
Address to the Readers of Poetry, . . . 73

ODES.

I. Ode to the Genius of Cumberland, 77
II. —— written at Gilsland Spa, . . 93
III. —— to Time, ... 97

Page.

IV. Ode to Health, ... 99
V. —— to Fortune, ... 103
VI. —— to Peace, ... 107
VII. —— to the Moon, ... 111
VIII*. —— to Echo, ... 115
IX. —— to Contentment, ... 116
X. —— to Zephyr, ... 120

EPISTLES.

I. Epistle to the Rev. J. Boucher, M. A. . 123
II. —— to Mr Daniel Stalker, . . . 135
III. —— to the Author's Sister, . . . 141
IV. —— to a Young Lady, ... 144

TALES.

I. The Field Preacher, ... 148
II. The Relapse, ... 153
III. The deliberate Mourner, ... 155
IV. The Parson and the Knight, ... 157

FABLES.

I. The Owl and the Nightingale, . . . 161
II. The Horse and the Tide, ... 163

* This and the two following Odes are numbered, in the book, IX. X. XI. instead of VIII. IX. X.

Page.
III. The Bees and the Wasps, ... 165
IV. The Fox and the Ass, ... 168

EPIGRAMS, ... 171—178

ELEGIES.

I. The Sorrows of Royalty, ... 179
II. Supposed to be written by Marie Theresa Charlotte Bourbon, soon after the Tragical Death of her Parents, . . . 181
III. To the Memory of the Rev. Josiah Relph, 183
IV. To the Memory of Robert Burns, the Scottish Poet, ... 187
V. The Fair Maniac, ... 191

EPITAPHS.

I. Inscribed on a Stone in Holm-Cultram Church-Yard, ... 196
II. On a Youth of Sixteen, who was unfortunately killed by the accidental Discharge of a Gun, ... 197
III. Inscribed on a Mural Monument, in Memory of the Author's Parents, . 197
IV. Inscribed on a Monument, in Memory of a Family who died at various Ages, ... 198

Page.

V. On a Gentlewoman, who died at an advanced Age, ... 199
VI. On Robert Burns, the Scottish Poet, . 200
VII. On a Country Clergyman, ... 201
VIII. On a Physician, ... 202

SONNETS.

I. To Lady Anne Fitzroy, ... 204
II. To the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, . 205
III. Written at Sebergham, in the Spring of 1793, ... 207
IV. To a favourite Fountain, ... 208
V. To the Nightingale, ... 209
VI. To the Redbreast, ... 210

SONGS.

I. Haste, Peace, &c. 211
II. The Wine Sparkles bonny, &c. 213
III. Come, fill the Glass again, ... 216
IV. The Withered Rose, ... 220

ERRATUM.

Page 131, line 13, for VICT'RY's spread, read VICT'RY's hand has spread.

MISCELLANIES.

THE EVERGREEN.

SAY, what survives the Winter's storm,
What lives while dreadful whirlwinds roar,
While angry surges lash yon rock,
And DESOLATION sweeps the shore?

'Tis not the man whose bosom bears
The marks imprest by CARE and GRIEF,
Who sighs to ev'ry blast that tears
The faded flow'r and wither'd leaf;

But *he* who from the storm retires
Beneath the shades of MIRTH and EASE,
Who wakes with wine Life's sleeping fires,
Till vernal verdure clothe the trees.

Though Winter crown yon hoary hill,
And snowy columns block each pass,
Midst summer-joys he revels still,
Blest with his CHLOE* and his GLASS!

His Glass supplies the solar fire,
His Chloe's breath the Zephyr's gale,
Her tuneful voice the woodland choir,
Her bloom the roses of the vale.

Nor e'en can AGE's winter rend
One blossom from *his verdant bough;*
Still shall a vernal sun attend,
And o'er him genial lustre throw.

Hence through the changeful year he lives,
Nor heeds the seasons as they fly;
Tastes what the present moment gives,
Nor for the future heaves a sigh.

* See Note (I.) at the end of the book.

WRITTEN, IN A SPRING MORNING, ON THE *BANKS OF THE CALDEW.*

THE vernal pride, that hangs thy shore,
Tells me, bright STREAM, the storms are o'er,
And gives its beauties, as I pass,
Inverted on thy wat'ry glass:
Where coldly beat the icy show'r,
Impearl'd in dew, I see the flow'r;
Where late the drifted piles arose,
Green rise the shades where swains repose;
And, o'er the lately-wither'd mead,
I see a living verdure spread;
While vernal breezes, as I rove,
Bear thy sweet murmurs through the grove.

But while, on halcyon wing, the hours
Thus gently glide o'er sun-gilt bow'rs,
In vain I trace the landscape o'er,
To catch the views that pleas'd before!

This pansied walk, that osier'd glade,
Where once with YOUTH and HEALTH I stray'd,
Some image of past pleasure give,
That bids my present sorrow live.

Perhaps yon valley*, on whose breast
The griefs of former hours found reſt,
When YOUTH adorn'd Life's future page
With Hopes, unrealiz'd by AGE!
May wake Reflection's pleasing train,
And call some Joy to life again.
Ah, no! though there the blushing rose,
In all its blossom'd lustre, blows;
Though there seraphic music floats,
In NATURE's wild, untutor'd notes;
Though LOVE and YOUTH, undimm'd by CARE,
Their genial sun-shine scatter there;
In vain I greet, with Welcome's smile,
The joys that crown my native soil:
The sigh, that from my bosom steals,
The griefs I strive to hide reveals!

* The Vale of SEBERGHAM.

Ye Village Swains, with garlands gay,
O garnish not the shrine of MAY;
Around it let no roses breathe,
But flow'rs of saddest colour wreath,
To tell the Youths, who revel round,
How near to PLEASURE, GRIEF is found!

*THE HARVEST-HOME.**

WHILE, in yon sweet, sequester'd vale
(The seat of many a pleasure calm),
The song, and dance, and mirthful tale
Attended STREPHON's *Harvest-Home*;

PALEMON rose, a hoary swain,
Rever'd for philosophic thought;
And, to the youthful village train,
This sacred lore of WISDOM taught:

* See Note (H.)

" Ye jovial Swains, whose florid prime
" Bids Mirth attend the circling hours,
" Soon, ah soon! the hand of TIME
" Shall rob you of your brightest flow'rs!

" Go, mark yon oak, whose grateful shade
" Late screen'd you from the mid-day heat;
" Go, mark its leafy honours fade,
" Laid by the cold blast at your feet!

" Haste, then, in YOUTH's swift-rolling days,
" To gain those charms that still engage,
" That cheer the mind in Life's decays,
" And bloom beneath the snow of AGE.

" And you, ye sprightly Nymphs, who strew
" The path of Life with many a flow'r;
" Who, to the beat of PLEASURE true,
" Give splendour to the flying hour:

" Say, Damsels, say, though Lovers sigh,
" And own, with heaving breasts, your sway,

" Are not the conquests of the eye
" But the short triumphs of a day?

" Believe me, Nymphs, the heart will rove,
" Touch'd by no pow'r but BEAUTY's grace;
" And cold will grow that youthful love,
" Rais'd by no magic but the Face:

" Soon shall your summer-roses fall,
" When on them AGE's winter blows;
" When the chill'd breast, at PLEASURE's call,
" With youthful joys no longer glows.

" But if you bid the bosom feel
" The glow which mental charms impart,
" Then not one feature AGE shall steal
" That holds the empire of the heart;

" Still, midst the genial beams of SPRING,
" The mind's *fair progeny* shall dwell,
" Though RUIN, on the whirlwind's wing,
" Descend upon yon roseate dell."

'Twas thus the hoary-headed swain,
Rever'd for philosophic thought,
To all the youthful village train
The sacred lore of WISDOM taught.

THE PROSPECT.

These lines were written at SEBERGHAM, in the month of May, on an eminence that commanded a fine view of a rich and cultivated country, of hill and dale, wood and water; and are supposed to come from a Friend, who was at that time preparing to leave Cumberland, in order to pursue the mercantile line of life in one of our West-India Islands.

SEE this gay landscape, that extends so wide—
The plains of CUMBRIA cloth'd in vernal pride:
Where dreary wilds and barren prospects frown'd,
See CULTIVATION spreads her treasures round;
Athirst for blood, where prowl'd the savage train,
The peaceful lambkins gambol o'er the plain;
Where NATURE's charms and vernal blooms were few,
ART spreads her rival beauties to the view;

Here GRANDEUR revels in the spacious dome,
And there the Peasant's carol cheers his home;
Here, crown'd with garlands, strays the Village Maid,
And there the wearied Woodman wreathes his shade.

Blest natives they! who, at the peep of dawn,
Scale the proud hill, or musing, range the lawn;
Blest natives they! who FLORA's scenes behold—
The lily blossom and the rose unfold:
But scenes like these no more shall shed delight,
No more, with native beauties, lure my sight!
In distant lands, beyond the Western Main,
I haste, to mingle with TRADE's busy train;
Where vertic suns, that torrid fervour pour,
Check the grove's music and the vernal flow'r.
Yet long shall MEM'RY's eye, with rapture, roam
'Mid the bright joys that bless'd my native home;
Long shall yon bow'r, that courts the zephyr's gale—
Yon stream, that winds down Seb'ram's* verdant vale—
Long shall yon bank—yon grove of ancient trees—
Return to view, and still return to please.

* Contraction of Sebergham.

Adieu BRITANNIA! o'er thy favour'd isle,
May Trade and Commerce, nurs'd by FREEDOM, smile!
Adieu ye FAIR! Creation's brightest part,
Who long in chains have held my captive heart;
And thou, AMANDA, to my bosom dear,
Take, at this parting hour, a Lover's tear!
'Tis the best tribute I can pay to thee—
What more can come from SORROW, and from me?

WRITTEN UNDER *THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.*

O'ER what th' ingenious artist has pourtray'd,
In all the harmony of light and shade,
Advance, resistless TIME, with ling'ring pace,
That in the lines surviving Friends may trace
The speaking features, when in silence rest,
Within the tomb, the sorrows of my breast!

THE PASSING-BELL.

These Stanzas were written on hearing the Passing-Bell, while in company of some young Ladies.

As slowly winds the knell around,
Soft echo'd by each lonely dell,
The HERMIT greets the circling sound,
And bids it linger in his cell.

But why, unwelcome BELL, intrude
Thy notes of sadness on mine ear?
Why, with thy mournful tidings, cloud
The sun-shine of YOUTH's vernal year?

What! in the shades of THOUGHT and CARE,
Must I, with pensive bosom, rove,
When sweetly smile the Cumbrian FAIR,
And all around is mirth and love?

What swain on wither'd leaves will pause,
Or to a shaded valley run,
When sweet, on banks of roses, glows
The morning or meridian sun?

Gay YOUTH and BEAUTY's radiant day
Will but a while their flow'rs supply;
'Tis time enough, when these decay,
To sit in *shade*, to *think*, and *sigh!*

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF DR. STUART'S HISTORY of the Reign of *MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

WHEN beauteous MARY's adverse fate
Led her, to rule the Scottish state,
From *Gallia's* poliſh'd plains,
Where social mirth and thoughts refin'd,
By soft indulgence, cheer'd the mind,
And taught the sprightly strains;

FACTION rag'd round her native coast,
Where rough, rude manners were a boast,
And beauty was a crime!
In vain her mental blossoms spread—
In vain her charms their lustre shed
O'er Youth's unsullied prime:

Dark CALUMNY, with subtle art,
In ambush aim'd its poison'd dart
Against her future fame;
Till, friend of TRUTH, a STUART rose,
Expos'd the malice of her foes,
And clear'd her injur'd name.

As long as BEAUTY knows to please,
By graceful, unaffected ease,
And NATURE's feelings sway;
Soon as her tragic tale we hear,
Compassion's eye shall drop the tear,
And mild affections play.

The classic pen*, or flow'ry page†,
No more shall justify the age,
Or varnish o'er its crimes;
Like *Cynthia*, through the shades of night,
Fair MARY, in a robe of light,
Shall shine to future times.

APPROACH OF WINTER.

IN woods no more the feather'd throng
Pour native music on the gale;
And, heard you not the harvest-song?
Its last notes linger in the vale.

Where are the walks that blush'd with flow'rs?
And where the western breeze that breath'd
Its pilfer'd sweets to scent the bow'rs,
Which PEACE and calm CONTENTMENT wreath'd?

* GEORGE BUCHANAN. † DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

Since now no fragrant blossoms blow,
And DESOLATION sweeps the ground,
Come, WINTER! teach me how to draw
A moral from the ruins round.

The sober thought, to virtue dear,
Thy dreary walks shall furnish still;
Still sweetly, on my pensive ear,
Shall fall the murmurs of the rill.

Oft through yon desolated grove,
Where many a faded flow'ret lies!
At evening's shadowy hour I'll rove,
Regardless of the frowning skies.

And oft I'll to the lonely dell,
Or to the russet heath repair,
To hear the distant village-bell
Sweet vibrate on th' expanse of air.

If, on the wild wing of the blast,
The Demon of Destruction fly;

May then some rush-light, o'er the waste,
With friendly beams, direct the eye.

Adieu! ye glitt'ring scenes, adieu!
That stole my heart from Peace and Truth;
That promis'd pleasure, while you threw
Illusive splendour o'er my youth!

Time, to all pictur'd bliss a foe,
Proclaims, as through its wastes we range,
That all our joy is absent woe,
And all our life progressive *change!*

SIMPLICITY:

A PASTORAL.

O Shepherds, how sweet are the bow'rs,
That rise on the verge of yon grove!
I wove there a garland of flow'rs,
To give to the nymph whom I love.

In native attractions array'd,
Till Nature decay she will reign;
Her praises be sung by each maid,
And ENVY will flout her in vain.

Her air has the magic of ease,
Her manners are artless and free;
Her voice is as soft as the breeze
That stirs the green leaf on the tree.

Long, long on the plains has she smil'd
With sweetness, untaught to deceive;
The light of her eye is as mild
As the sun-beam, when mellow'd at eve!

Oft on some soft bank she reposes,
To catch all the sweets of the gale;
Her garlands are made of the roses,
That bloom in the grove or the vale.

Her breast, that is always at ease,
The wild notes of Nature approves,

The streamlet that plains to the breeze,
And the music that comes from the groves.

Her songs to the Shepherds can give
A sweetness that softens the breast;
Can bid brightest images live
In the bosom that SORROW has prest.

This Damsel (the theme of my praise),
Who steals from the notice of Fame,
In vallies and woodlands oft strays—
SIMPLICITY there is her name.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

On seeing a Performance of hers in Needle-Work;
The subject taken from
THE STORY OF PALEMON AND LAVINIA,
IN THOMSON'S SEASONS.

LAVINIA lives! her beauties, trac'd by you,
In all their sweet simplicity, we view;
All what e'er won the heart, or pleas'd the eye,
Your art, ingenious Nymph, forbids to die:

The tale that NATURE's Bard so sweetly told,
In all its tender interests, you unfold;
Those down-cast looks, those artless charms, that stole,
With force resistless, on PALEMON's soul,
Still o'er the bosom reign with magic pow'r,
And still shall reign till Time's remotest hour.

Nor less the widow'd Mother shall engage—
Her virtues blooming through the snow of age—
Through the dark shades that wrap Misfortune's cell,
When every *summer-friend* has bid farewel.
Deep in a vale, this pattern of the Fair
Attends her Daughter with a guardian's care;
Far from the busy walks of life retires,
To teach what Morals claim, what Heav'n requires,
To give the ductile mind unfading charms,
And guard its passes with *etherial arms*.

*LORD LONSDALE'S CAMPAIGN;**

AN HEROIC BALLAD.

Arma, virumque cano. — VIRG.

In 1715, when the Scotch Rebels had entered Cumberland, the Earl of LONSDALE, as Lord Lieutenant, raised the Peasants of that County, *en masse*, with a view of giving battle to the Insurgents, or, at least, of impeding their progress. The number of Peasants who rose at his summons cannot be exactly ascertained; but, from the extent of ground they covered, they could not amount to fewer than 10,000,—a body of men that would not have been easily overcome, if their arms and discipline had been as formidable as their numbers. Of this army two-thirds were armed with sithes, bill-hooks, and pitchforks; the remainder with rusty spears, swords, and muskets, which had laid *peaceably* in the chimney since the fighting days of OLIVER CROMWELL. The place of rendezvous was *Penrith Fell*, an extensive Common near the town of Penrith. The Earl of LONSDALE was Commander in Chief, and the celebrated Dr. NICHOLSON, Bishop of Carlisle, his Lieutenant-General.

The events of the day, as related to the Author by one who had a share in its *glory*, gave rise to the following HEROIC BALLAD.

A MESSENGER to LONSDALE came—
" Rise, *Son of Mars*," (he cried),
" In GLORY'S list enrol thy name,
" And be thy country's pride.

* See Note (III.)

" The hungry clans of SCOTIA's wastes,
" Like wolves, have issu'd forth,
" Wild as the fury of the blasts
" That sweep the gelid North.

" Ev'n now o'er English ground they spread,
" And scatter pale dismay,
" By hunger and rebellion led:
" Fierce rapine marks their way!

" Raise, raise with speed, the hardy race
" That *Cumbrian* mountains boast;
" And march with all a warrior's pace
" To fight the rebel-host."

Lord LONSDALE soon, with spirits warm,
Found all his bosom glow;
He swore the prowess of his arm
Should lay each rebel low.

He girded on his martial belt,
In which his gully * hung,
Whose edge the hostile Gaul had felt,
When MARLB'ROUGH's fame was rung.

He plac'd a bugle to his mouth,
And blew a blast so loud,
That all the flow'r of *Cumbrian* youth
Came hast'ning in a crowd.

"What news? what news? puissant Lord,"
(With mingled voice they said);
"What means that dreadful, threat'ning sword,
"That helmet on thy head?"

"To arms!" (he cried), "ye gallant Swains,
"And rise at GLORY's call;
"With courage guard your native plains,
"Your freedom, and your all.

* Gully, which here signifies a sword, is the provincial name of a large knife, with which the Peasants of the northern counties cut their large *brown* loaves.

" For fierce REBELLION lifts his arm
" Against the King and Laws,
" Fills all the land with wild alarm,
" And scatters many woes!

" To arms! and let your might be tried
" Against a daring foe,
" I'll be your leader, be your guide,
" And view your courage glow."

On this a shout of valour burst,
That made the welkin ring;
With one accordant voice they curst
Each Traitor to their King.

Such were the heroes of our soil—
Their shouts were heard that day,
From *Penrith* town to merry *Carlisle*,
Full eighteen miles away!

Well arm'd with gun, or sithe, or spear,
They sought th' embattled field;

Ev'n many a *tailor* stout was there,
With lapboard for a shield.

The *musketeers*, all in a row,
Their rusty arms display'd;
The *sithe-men* felt their valour glow,
Proud of a length of blade.

The *thimble-men* their weapons drew—
Dread arms! to stab or maul;
And swore the Highland clans should rue
They cross'd the Roman wall:*—

Yes, they their glitt'ring sheers unsheath'd,
Snapp'd them with main and might,
And bloody deaths to Scotchmen breath'd,
Should they turn out to fight.

The Bishop, who had doff'd his gown
And put his armour on,

* The wall of SEVERUS, built upon ADRIAN'S rampart, and extending from Solway Frith to the German Ocean.

Said that, ere GEORGE should lose the crown,
His holy blood should run.

Amidst the crowd he took his stand,
In military guise;
And, circled by so brave a band,
He felt his courage rise.

And, to a mighty Captain chang'd,
He marshall'd all the force;
For oft on paper* he had rang'd
Whole bands of foot and horse.

The ranks all widely spread the plain,
The files were only thin,
That, if the foe the day should gain,
Their heels might save their skin.

Lord LONSDALE, with approving eye,
Surveys his army round;

* The Bishop was the author of several historical works.

Each man, he thought, would rather die
Than quit an inch of ground.

Just as the sun had reach'd its height
The rebel van drew near;
Their arms, in bold reflected light,
To ev'ry eye appear.

Lord LONSDALE said, "my lads give fire,
"The *crack* may make them run,
"May make them from the field retire,
"And then the vict'ry's won."

The Bishop also thought the same,
Who like a hero stood;
He thought his men would gather fame
Without the cost of blood.

The lads, then, with their muskets bold,
Made all the valleys rattle:
They frighten'd many a raven old,
And many a herd of cattle.

Old Grandams, sitting in the nook,
Heard the dread echoes roll;
Cried (as their hoary heads they shook)
"*God bless our merry men all!*"

But though this martial thunder reach'd
The ears of England's foe—
A dreadful peal! that might have bleach'd
Each face as white as snow!—

The Scotchmen slacken'd not their pace,
But made their bagpipes play;—
Intrepid features in each face
Foretold a bloody day!

On this Lord LONSDALE gave a sigh—
The sigh that terror sends—
And said, "Behold the rebels nigh!
"My trusty *Cumbrian* friends:

"These bloody, fierce, rebellious *Turks*,
"Who ne'er with pity heave,

" With ugly knives and murd'rous dirks*,
" Will hole us like a sieve.

" To faithful stumps we'll trust our lives,
" And fly, lest we should fall;
" You to your sweethearts and your wives,
" And I to *Lowther-hall.*†"

On this he sheath'd his *peaceful* sword,
And turn'd his charger's head,
While with him, too, the rev'rend Lord,
The mitred warrior‡, fled.

Bold LONSDALE, as he hurried home,
Lost, lost his flaming blade;
But, since he found his spirits calm,
He needed not its aid.

* A short spear used by the Highlanders.

† A seat of the LONSDALE family, near Penrith.

‡ See Note (IV.)

The Bishop gain'd his snug retreat*,
Thank'd Heav'n he breath'd the air;
And all his bliss had been complete,
Had not his head been *bare*.

For, ah! when on a length of road
His troubles waxed great,
The thatch, which hat and wig bestow'd,
Unkindly left his pate!

Two faithful friends, who near him stood,
Thus spoke without delay:
"We fear, my Lord, you've lost some blood,
"As well as wig, this day.

"Why is your furrow'd cheek so wan?
"Why trembles all your frame?
"With muskets, has th' ungodly clan
"Ta'en at you deadly aim?"

* Rose Castle (the episcopal seat) is a sweet rural retirement in the neighbourhood of Carlisle.

" I've lost no blood" (the Bishop said),
" I've sav'd my skin from balls;
" From cleaving swords I've sav'd my head,
" And reach'd these peaceful walls:

" A hostile tree, with branches rude,
" Laid hold of hat and wig,
" As trophies for the rebel crowd,
" Whose courage waxed big."

" We'll go, we'll go" (the friends replied),
" And seek the wig in haste;—
" We'll search the road on every side,
" Where'er your head has past."

Then, with a daring air and mien,
March'd on these trusty men;
Shot, as they went, their glances keen
Through many a bushy glen.

Just as they reach'd a lonely glade,
Where oaks extended round,

They saw a Matron, in the shade,
Lie, death-like, on the ground.

They rais'd her up—she told a tale
That trembled on her tongue;
Then pointed, with a finger pale,
Where hat and wig were hung:

" That wig " (quoth she) " that waves on high,
" Upon yon oaken bough,
" With foretop pointing to the sky,
" Caus'd me to swoon below!

" I thought that, though the wig was grey,
" It held a bloody head;
" That some religious man this day,
" By ruffian hands had bled!"

" The men replied, " Good Matron, know
" Yon wig's unstain'd with blood;
" Its owner, safe from ev'ry foe,
" Lies snug in yonder wood*."

* Rose Castle is almost circled with a wood.

On this there rose a welcome blast,
That shook each tree around,
And laid the hat and wig, in haste,
Soft on the verdant ground.

The men then tied them on a pole,
Ev'n with a thong of leather;
And reach'd, though late, the Bishop's hall,
In spite of wind or weather.

At ev'ry gate, with cudgels rude,
They knock'd with all their pow'r:
The Bishop cried, "Who knocks so loud,
"At this untimely hour."

Quoth they, "We are your friends, and bear
"The hat and wig you lost,
"When, liking not their martial air,
"You fled the rebel host.

"If you believe our honest word,
"This wig (your noddle's pride)

" Has prov'd more *fatal* than the sword
" That dangled at your side.

" For by it, in a lonely dell,
" Midst oaks of wond'rous strength,
" A hoary-headed matron fell,
" And measur'd out her length!"

" You joke, you joke (the Bishop said),
" Ne'er tell so strange a tale:
" But, since I've sav'd both wig and head,
" Go, tap a cask of ale."

They tapp'd a cask right merrily,
Fill'd oft the drinking-horn;
They drank, till all the blushing sky
Announc'd th' approach of morn.

Now turn we to the *Cumbrian* lads,
Whose valour seem'd so fierce:

Soon as they spied the TARTAN PLAIDS*,
They started on their course:

They doff'd their clogs†, and eke their coats,
And threw their weapons down;
Their lives they valu'd, in their thoughts,
More dear than GEORGE's crown.

All those, whose legs beneath their load
Grew wearied in the flight,
Within old hollow oaks were stow'd,
Or earth'd with brocks‡ all night.

Those who were lean, and lank, and thin,
Soon gain'd their ingle-sides§;
Well pleas'd to see their *kith and kin*‖,
And bonny lovely brides.

* The loose, variegated cloaks worn by the Scotch Highlanders.

† A sort of wooden shoes worn by the Peasants of Cumberland.

‡ Badgers. § Fire-sides.

‖ A Scottish phrase, signifying acquaintance and kindred.

WRITTEN IN A SPRING MORNING.

—Frigora jam Zephyri minuunt. — OVID.

ON ev'ry bank and opening lawn,
By NATURE's hand profusely thrown,
Soft-rising flow'rets greet the view,
With petals fill'd with morning dew;
The spreading tree, the verdant glade
For wearied Peasants for a shade;
While many a Shepherd's artless song,
In notes melodious, pours along—
Now fills the vale with notes of love,
Now joins the chorus of the grove.
The storm that rag'd o'er yonder plain,
That heav'd the billows of the main,
Has fled, and left the vernal gales
To breathe their softness o'er the vales.

Ye virtuous few! whose sorrow flows;
On whom MISFORTUNE coldly blows;

Who wander friendless o'er Life's waste,
Expos'd to many a ruthless blast;
Let future prospects sooth to rest
The present griefs that heave your breast;
For see Life's wint'ry tempest fly,
And HEAV'N'S ETERNAL SUNSHINE nigh!

SHAKSPEARE,
THE WARWICKSHIRE THIEF.*

GRANT that our Bard betray'd, as want oppress,
The embryo villain lurking in his breast;
And, to the loss of mad, vindictive TOM †,
Made his small pot with ven'son smoke at home:
How sunk this day's *adventure* to that hour
When he from Madam NATURE stole her pow'r;

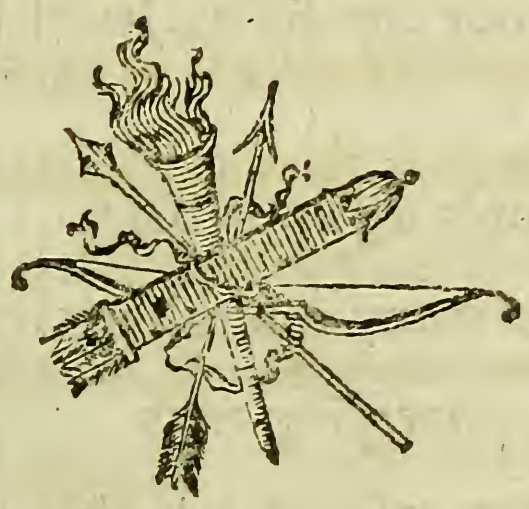
* SHAKSPEARE was prosecuted by Sir THOMAS LUCY for stealing deer out of his parks.

† Sir THOMAS LUCY.

And, arm'd with it, rais'd contributions round,
In ev'ry clime, wherever MAN was found—
All paid Mirth's raptures to his comic MUSE—
All gemm'd his tragic walks with Sorrow's dews.

Lord of his herds, if Justice Shallow* brought,
Before an angry bench, a venial fault,
Why to our Bard are laureate honours paid,
Who dar'd the Breast (the passions' seat) invade?
Where o'er a subject-world he reigns alone,
While all the subject-fibres guard his throne!

* A character in SHAKSPEARE'S MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, under which his prosecutor is said to be satirized.



TO A GENTLEMAN

Who thought that
A CERTAIN BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY
HAD
TOO MUCH OF THE COQUETTE
IN HER BEHAVIOUR.

Why blame Eliza that she darts
The smiles of Love on ev'ry swain?
Why grieve because so many hearts,
With pleasure, wear her golden chain?

Ah, William! if on you her eye
Should pour its undivided light,
Soon from the stream you'd wish to fly,
And save your throbbing heart by flight.

The Summer-sun's *diffusive* blaze
Gives life to many a blushing rose;
But quickly its *converging* rays
Would wither ev'ry flow'r that blows!

Then, with a grateful bosom, own
The *mercy* of th' unrivall'd Fair;
The blaze, too great for you alone,
She bids a hundred lovers share.

Written in 1798,
DURING
THE ILLUMINATIONS
FOR
ADMIRAL NELSON'S VICTORY.

WITH all a Briton's ardour, though I feel
A rising transport for my country's weal;
Though, while around her press her num'rous foes,
I praise the patriot who supports her cause;
Though, from her gen'rous soil, I would not tear
One laurel-sprig that VALOUR planteth there;
And, 'midst her triumphs, 'midst the gen'ral blaze,
Though my rush-light emit its feeble rays;—
Yet still, beneath the pomp of War, I view
Its train of horrors, in their native hue:
The dreadful thunder of the field I hear,
And slaughter'd hosts to FANCY's eye appear!

Some thousand captives, 'midst the dungeon's gloom,
In blended sorrow, mourn their hapless doom!
The widow'd mother, robb'd of ev'ry stay,
Seeks the lone shed, to weep her hours away—
Hangs o'er her infant charge, that calls in vain
For him whose valour sought th' embattl'd plain!
Amidst this sad variety of woe,
Does not the breast with Nature's feelings glow?
Does not the stream of human passions roll,
In smoother current, o'er the melting soul?
Does not AMBITION bid its triumphs close,
And, 'midst the scatter'd ruins, make a pause?

O may no more the brazen trumpet's breath
Sound, o'er the tented field, the charge of death!
No more may hostile nations strive to raise
A guilty fame on CONQUEST's faithless base!
But in the arts of PEACE be truly great,
And learn what raises and what sinks a state!
Base is that pow'r, unstable, and confin'd,
That rises on the ruins of mankind!

But that *soft principle*, that opes the breast
To ev'ry joy that makes another blest—
That principle, by which our love is drawn
To blend another's int'rests with our own—
Will widen all the circle of our joys,
And lessen ev'ry evil that annoys;
Round the vast circuit of the world will roam,
And make, wherever Man is found, its home!

ADDRESSED TO

THE RIGHT REV. RICHARD WATSON,

BISHOP OF LANDAFF.

YES! mitred WATSON, Freedom's sacred glow
Illûmes the laurels that adorn thy brow!
High in RELIGION's sphere we see thee move,
A living evidence of Christian love;
Behold thee rise in FAVOUR's fost'ring hour
Untainted by the flatt'ring touch of pow'r,
And guard with dignity, from base controul,
The manly independence of thy soul!

When late, on REVELATION's hallow'd ground,
Arm'd with contempt, a daring foe* was found,
Th' inspir'd page 'twas thine to trace, and shew
TRUTH's rev'rend form, in undiminish'd glow;
And where the Deist crept, 'twas thine to soar,
On seraph wing, above DOUBT's misty shore;
For REVELATION, bright in heav'nly dies,
Gave thy ascending thoughts their force to rise:
Hence on those mystic paths where REASO's ray
Can shed at most but an uncertain day†;
Where to the Sceptic's eye a desert spreads,
And on desponding DOUBT its horrors sheds;
Thy pious pen a living lustre throws,
Till on the soul a WORLD of COMFORT glows!

* THOMAS PAINE. † See Note (V.)

A PEEP INTO A MISER'S HUT.

ONE stormy day it was my lot
To shelter in a Miser's cot,
Who had in land and money clear,
At least twice fifty pounds a year.
The good Wife welcom'd me within,
And hung my hat upon a pin:
Says she, "My poor old feeble spouse
"Betimes this morning left the house;
"I hope to see him soon return,
"Loaden with sticks, with whins,* and fern."
Then of *hard times* she much complain'd,
And thought that PITT too long had reign'd;
Thought that he made provisions scant,
And brought on wars, and strife, and want.
Just as she spoke, old GRIPE appears,
Weigh'd down with sticks, and cares, and years:
His hat was patch'd with many a clout,
And blacken'd o'er with dirt and soot;

* Furze.

His coat was tied with hempen strings,
Lest blasts should take it on their wings;
His face display'd the marks of care,
And AGE's shears had thinn'd his hair.
Soon as he spied me on the floor,
He lik'd the *serious phiz* I wore;
Said to his Wife,—" This Lad has grace,
" I see it in his honest face;
" We'll have a *blazing* fire to-day;
" The stranger sure has lost his way,
" Is cold and wet, and hungry too,
" His nose and visage look so blue!"
GRIPE then, with slow and trembling hand,
Gave to his fire a rotten wand;
" Troth, Lad!" (he said), " we'll have a flame,
" As sure as GRIPUS is my name!"
To shew my complaisance, I broke
My trusty staff of solid oak,
And laid it on the sleeping fire,
Till blithe the flames began t' aspire.
Old GRIPE, who never in his days
Had seen so great and bright a blaze,

With pallid cheek, began to fear
A gen'ral conflagration near!
Poor wretch! he did not like the smile
That darted from the flaming pile!
Quick to a water-pail he hied,
And on the ingle* pour'd a tide,
That soon the daring flames supprest,
And laid his anxious fears at rest.
'Twas when the fire so briskly glow'd,
And to the view each object shew'd—
Shew'd ev'ry corner to the sight,
Where day had shed but partial light;
My busy eye began to roam,
Licentious, round the Miser's home;
What curious *valuables* I saw,
I've plac'd, with faithful pen, below.

A shatter'd box; a broken drawer;
A pan half-burnt, or something more;
A pot without a lid, and crack'd;
An almanack, with parchment back'd;

* A Scottish word for fire.

Two bowls of wood; three spoons of horn;
Four piggins*, black with age, and worn;
A churn, girt with a woollen string;
A birchen scrub; a goose's wing;
A water-pail, made firm with thongs;
A grate, with half a pair of tongs;
An earthen vase, with many a crack;
Four knives, with edge as broad as back;
A rusty fork, with broken prong;
A thivel†, scarce seven inches long;
A pair of bellows, stiff and dried,
That scatter'd wind from ev'ry side;
An oaken plank, with massy feet,
That serv'd for table and for seat;
A chest, with AGE's rev'rend mark,
That seem'd a fragment of the *Ark*;
Two moulded sacks, one fill'd with oats,
And one with remnants of old coats;

* A small wooden vessel.

† A round piece of wood with which the Peasants of Cumberland stir their hasty-pudding.

A clouted hat, grown brown with years,
And lately rounded by the shears;
A 'bacco* pouch, hung on a pipe,
Which an old grandsire left to GRIPE;
A hoard of sticks, that form'd a shed,
Where rats and mice were daily bred;
A blanket, hung in double fold,
That serv'd for door to keep out cold;
A window, patch'd in ev'ry pane,
That let in birds, and wind, and rain;
The arms, that in the chimney laid,
Made ev'ry *thievish eye* afraid—
A pistol, with worm-eaten stock;
A musket, with just half a lock;
An edgeless dagger, ready drawn,
Ting'd with a colour not its own:
And many a thing I saw beside
That will not in soft numbers glide;
So I must name them in plain prose,
Or let the *curious* schedule close.

* A contraction of tobacco.

THE UNRELENTING VICTRESS.

—— Nunquam misero vincla remittit AMOR.
TIBUL.

WHY, ELIZA! so severe?
Lighter let me bear thy chain;
Let some fairer view appear
Than the frownings of disdain;
Brighter will thy laurels seem,
If they spread to PITY's beam.

Lately, free as wind or air,
Through the WORLD of LOVE I rov'd;
'Midst the glances of the FAIR,
With a victor's pride, I mov'd;
And could circling moments bring
Greater triumphs on their wing?

But all human honours die!
Short, ah! short is Freedom's date!

Soon th' artillery of thine eye
To my bosom brought its fate,
As thy beauty's magic stole
All the *armour* of my soul!

When the *merry god of wine*
O'er my bosom did preside,
Though his captive, Mirth was mine,
And my *revels* were his pride;
While my glowing face did tell
That the raptur'd heart was *well*.

But, a slave to BEAUTY's pow'r,
Sad the change my bosom feels;
Ev'ry season, ev'ry hour,
Something from my comforts steals:
Sighs I give to ev'ry gale,
As I lonely walk the vale.

Ev'n when MEM'RY brings to view
Smiling scenes that pleas'd before,

Soon the vision bids adieu—
Soon the fancied bliss is o'er;
Hope attendeth but to throw
Treach'rous light upon my woe!

If, Eliza, in thy smiles
Some more artful rival lives,
Think, O think! my heart recoils
At the pow'r that Flatt'ry gives;
Sure the bosom's throbbings prove
That with guileless soul I love.

When at times a rebel-thought,
Arm'd with pride, attempts to rise,
Soon the conquer'd heart is taught,
That the lot of slaves is sighs!
That a Lover's life or death
Trembles on a Fair One's breath!

Hoary Time! O bring thine aid,
Break the spell of Beauty's darts,

O'er ELIZA cast a shade—
Such a shade as AGE imparts;
Place her harmless to my view,
Ere I take my last adieu!

THE FAIR RECLUSE.

No more with BEAUTY's noon-tide beams,
Fair MARY, gild embow'ring shades;
No more with rapture talk of streams,
Or the sweet cadence of cascades.

O'er polish'd life expand thy sails,
To nymphs less fair leave groves and plains;
Ah! what to thee are woods and vales,
Where reign the rude loves of the swains!

'Tis true that lovely PEGGY bears,
In ev'ry radiant glance a dart;

'Tis true that NANCY's graceful airs,
By soft enchantment wins the heart:

But short shall *partial* BEAUTY reign,
With pow'r despotic, o'er the breast;
Soon shall its lovers break its chain,
And be once more with FREEDOM blest!

Since, rural Nymph, from thee alone
Each charm strikes with concenter'd ray,
Drive twilight BEAUTIES from their throne,
And give the world *meridian day*.

Oft has the poet's pencil spread
Its fair creations to the sight;
Oft o'er some fav'rite damsel shed
The tints that glow with living light!

But when, to seek this faultless FAIR,
We throw o'er life th' inquiring eye,
Our wearied search but meets DESPAIR,
That bids the *pictur'd beauty* die!

Then, MARY, from the lonely shade,
O haste! in BEAUTY's glowing hue,
In VIRTUE's splendid robes array'd,
And realize what FANCY drew!

Near the Castle of CARLISLE are growing Two or Three AGED ELMS, which, if tradition may be credited, were planted by the fair hand of MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, during her confinement there. Under their venerable shade the following Stanzas were written.

BENEATH these Elms, with hoary moss o'ergrown,
That o'er the dark moat throw their rev'rend boughs;
While Evening's colours steal o'er hill and lawn,
Oft let my bosom melt o'er MARY's woes!

As stars, eclips'd while pours the blaze of day,
Emit their splendour in the hour of night;
So, when no longer FORTUNE gave its ray,
Her op'ning virtues sent a clearer light.

Unskill'd to trace the labyrinth of state,
Or the still darker mazes of the heart,
She thought ELIZA, from the storms of fate,
A hospitable shelter would impart.

But soon, too soon! she found that HOPE had shed
Vain and delusive lights o'er her distress;
Swift as a morning-dream the vision fled,
And ev'ry moment made her comforts less!

EDEN! 'twas thine, with many a murmur sweet,
To scatter bright delirium o'er her soul;
Soft on the shore she heard thy surges beat,
Bright down the channel saw thy current roll!

Oft to this bank, now shaded o'er with trees,
With slow and pensive steps she would retire,
When round each turret sigh'd the Evening-breeze,
And Day's last colours linger'd on yon spire.

Here oft, in hue reflected, would return
Views of the past, obscur'd by many a woe;

Here for her hapless country she would mourn—
For friends in exile, and for friends laid low!

Here many a form of woe would wander near,
As MEM'RY's eye the depths of time re-trac'd;
Here SCOTIA's smoking ruins would appear—
Her altars overturn'd—her fields laid waste!

Here, MURRAY*! here thine image oft would rise—
Not in the melting hue AFFECTION bears,
Not in the glow that brightens NATURE's ties—
But in the fiend-like form that TREACH'RY wears!

Yet on her mental eye, at times, would steal
Gleams of that bliss which gilt her former hours;
Oft MEM'RY's rich reflection would reveal
Those plains where LOVE and PLEASURE flung their flow'rs.

Yes! many a long-lost joy would live again,
And, with a lambent light, illume her eye;

* See Note (VI.)

Soft o'er her soul th' illusive bliss would reign,
And for a while suspend the deep-drawn sigh!

ELIZA! hadst thou rais'd the fallen Queen,
By NATURE's soft impulsive feelings drawn;
Then would thy setting hours* have shone serene,
And VIRTUE's sweet reflections been thine own!

But 'mid thy projects for the public weal,
'Mid the fine glowings of a patriot's flame,
Oft on thy soul was ENVY known to steal,
And throw his shadowy tints around thy fame.

Ev'n with the weakest foibles of the FAIR
Thy mind's high dignity was colour'd o'er;
BEAUTY's soft languish, YOUTH's affected air,
And LOVE's† gay smiles, prevail'd at grave THREESCORE!

MARY, farewel! more noted lyres than mine
Have to thy beauty's praise resounded long;

* See Note (VII.) † See Note (VIII.)

Still, down the stream of time, shall woes like thine
Swell the full tide of elegiac song!

Thanks to the pen* that trac'd thy tragic tale,
Through its deep windings, with a gen'rous care;
Now, like a rose fresh op'ning to the gale,
We see thy Fame as *pure* as thou wast *fair!*

WRITTEN, DURING A FALL OF SNOW,
IN THE
Remarkable Spring of 1799,

When, from the Severity of the Weather, no marks of Vegetation appeared till near the end of May.

RUTHLESS Winter o'er the plains
Still, with pow'r despotic, reigns;
Rudely o'er MAY's bosom throws
His unwelcome hoard of snows.
All is desolation round—
Not a flow'ret to be found!

* Alluding to Mr. WHITAKER's able vindication of the unfortunate Princess.

Not a song, from woods or dells,
Round my sylvan arbour swells!

Come, O come! thou *god of day!*
With thy warm, prolific ray;
Nurs'd by bright and genial skies,
Soon shall blushing verdure rise;
Soon shall FLORA's infant train
Smile on ev'ry bank and plain;
Softest zephyrs round shall rove,
Sweetest songsters cheer the grove;
And the MUSE shall leave her bow'rs
At the breath of morning hours,
And, beside some murm'ring stream,
Gilded by the solar beam,
Shall untutor'd music bring
To the breathing choir of SPRING.

ADDRESS TO WINTER.

STERN WINTER, though thy ruffian pow'r
Shall wither ev'ry Summer-flow'r;
Though, through the leafless grove and dell,
Thy storms, with ruthless anger, swell;
Though vales, where late the zephyrs past,
Shall feel the malice of thy blast;
Though streams, in icy fetters bound,
No more shall send their murmurs round;
Though, from the wood and bushy dell
Sweet Nature's notes no more shall swell:—
Yet shall yon bow'r that crowns the mead,
In all a Summer's sunshine spread,
And, through each changing hour, defy
The threat'nings of a frowning sky:
For *there* the rose of PLEASURE blows,
Untouch'd by dark December's snows;
There the soft eye of BEAUTY streams
With radiance pure as vernal beams!

Love *there*, in spotless garment drest,
Holds gentle empire o'er the breast,
And *there*, with spirits light as air,
Beats the gay heart that knows no care!
There Youth prepares the choral song,
Or moves, in measur'd step, along,
Feels all the beating bosom move
To all the harmony of love!
There Age, unburthen'd, seems to taste
Once more the pleasures of the past,
And bids its bosom sympathize
With ev'ry joy that round it flies.

Then, Winter, with thy ruffian blast,
Go! sweep the deserts of the waste!
The Sun that cheers the rural bow'r,
Owns not, like changing skies, thy pow'r:
The storm that bids the valley mourn,
Makes social hearths but brighter burn.

THE GREEN SHADE.

These Stanzas were addressed to an accomplished Young Lady, on her presenting the Author with a GREEN SILKEN SHADE, to break the glare of the Candle during his Night-Studies.

THY friendly kindness, beauteous Maid!
Deserves a Poet's grateful praise:
Secure beneath the Silken Shade,
The eye now braves the candle's blaze.

But say, O lovely Damsel! say,
When BEAUTY pours a stream of light,
What veil can break the dazzling ray,
And from its force protect the sight?

Ev'n should we turn from thee the eye,
To shun the beams that pour along;
Vain, ah, vain! we strive to fly,
Caught by the magic of thy tongue!

Nor will hoar AGE, that *beauty* fears,
Obscure one genuine charm of thine;
For, through the gather'd shade of years,
The lustre of thy wit will shine.

PASTORA'S COMPLAINT:

A PASTORAL.

No more the flow'ry vales are dear,
(The fair PASTORA cried);
The absent STREPHON claims a tear,
To whom my heart is tied.

Relentless WAR has torn that Swain
From happiness and me!
The blossom, in the grove or plain,
Was not so pure as he.

Come, WINTER! come, and let thy blast
Sweep o'er the pride of MAY!

No vernal pleasures can I taste,
When STREPHON is away.

But 'midst the ravage spare, O spare,
The wreath that STREPHON wove!
Know that this garland, which I wear,
Recals the joys of LOVE.

It sweetly tells of former days,
Which soft as zephyrs flew,
When on us, where the EDEN strays,
The EV'NING shed its dew:—

When on us blush'd the roseate flow'rs,
Ting'd by the ev'ning sun;
Or when upon yon woodbine bow'rs
The morning grandeur shone.

O FORTUNE! bid these days return,
These long-lost joys restore!
Or must this heaving bosom mourn
Till life's last pangs be o'er?

If such, ye Shepherds, be my doom!
To yonder greenwood-shade,
When Ev'ning veils the rose's bloom,
O bear a hapless Maid!

There shall the willow, o'er my bed,
Sigh to each passing gale;
And *there* shall artless tears be shed,
Like dews that gem the vale!

WRITTEN IN
THE MONTH OF APRIL,
ON RECOVERING FROM
A LONG AND SEVERE ILLNESS.

——————— Æger eram
Incertusque meæ pene salutis eram.
OVIDII TRIST.

BRIGHT HEALTH her roseate wreath renews,
Which pallid SICKNESS lately tore;
It spreads to catch the falling dews,
In ev'ry walk that pleas'd before!

SPRING tells me that the Winter's gloom
Has left the bosom of the vale,
That flow'rs, in renovated bloom,
Give perfume to the western gale.

It tells me that soft music breathes
From hill and dale, and grove;
That sweet the sun shines on the wreaths,
Twin'd by the hand of YOUTH and LOVE.

But what to me are fragrant dells,
The vocal wood or flow'ry plain?
To breasts where latent sorrow dwells,
Such scenes are but the source of pain!

To me the plaintive Zephyr's sigh,
That comes from lonely grot, is dear;
And dear the stream that wand'ring nigh,
With pensive murmurs greets my ear!

I love to view, at ev'ning's hour,
The beam upon the shaded leaf;

To hear the wind sigh through the bow'r
That forms a shade for me and GRIEF!

No more the glowing hopes of youth
To rapture give the loosen'd rein;
Departed years have prov'd the truth—
That pleasure's cup is mix'd with pain!

Yet ev'n in sorrow are we blest,
Though life in languid current roll,
If ev'ry throb that heaves the breast
Give health and vigour to the soul.

AFFLICTION, in her shadowy glade,
May nurse the flow'rs that virtue gives;
As oft beneath the thorn's rude shade,
In azure pride, some violet lives.

Too oft where FORTUNE's landscapes spread,
In radiant colours, to the view,
The breast to VIRTUE's touch is dead,
The eye unwet with PITY's dew!

There Passion oft is Reason's foe,
And Desolation round it breathes;
There ENVY, with malignant brow,
Attempts to shade another's wreaths.

HEAV'N! while AMBITION's sons aspire
To reach the heights of wealth and pow'r,
O let me to the vale retire,
Where QUIET twines her silent bow'r.

There let my humble heart receive
The bliss that peaceful life affords;
Another's pleasure let me give
To GRATULATION's lively chords!

Or 'mid the shade of human days,
With kindred sadness let me roam,
Catch the lone sigh MISFORTUNE pays,
And make COMPASSION's cell my home.

Hence, in each tender feeling tried,
My lowly lot I'll prize the more;
And thoughtful o'er life's ocean glide,
Till silent rest the dashing oar!

THE MORNING WALK.

In a vale, where roses grow,
When the Summer breezes blow;
Through the wood's majestic shade,
Through the solitary glade;
By the sweet meandring rill,
By the brook that turns the mill;
O'er the hill, when orient skies
Sweetly blush in roseate dies;
O'er the bank where pansies gay
Glitter in the solar ray:
Come, my Mary, let us roam,
Catch the breath of morning calm;
Many a fragrant, blushing wreath
On your snowy breast shall breathe;

On it softest gales shall blow,
On it sweetest sunbeams glow;
And the Shepherd's artless lays
Shall be loaden with your praise;
While the POETS OF THE GROVE
Sooth you with the songs of love.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON SEEING HER WRITE HER NAME UPON THE SNOW.

WHY, NANCY, to the faithless snow
Intrust a name so dear as thine?
Soon on it shall the rude blast blow,
And level all the radiant line!

But, though defac'd by wind and sleet,
This record on the snow we find;
Know, charming Maid! a warmer seat
To thy fond name has LOVE assign'd:

For, in deep characters imprest,
Untouch'd by WINTER's hostile pow'r,
On the soft tablet of my breast,
Thy name, fair NANCY, lives secure.

Still *there* thy imag'd worth shall break,
In living glow, on Fancy's eye;
And *there* thy beauteous form shall take
Such colours as shall never die!

RURAL HAPPINESS.

WHEN SPRING entwines a lucid wreath,
To deck with roseate pride my bow'rs;
When on me softest zephyrs breathe
The fragrance caught from vernal flow'rs;

When streamlets o'er their pebbly bed,
In many a wild meander rove;
When MORNING's pearly light is shed
On ev'ry rose that scents the grove;

Or when the EVENING's sober hues
Spread, shadowy, o'er the village-green;
When, in some arbour gemm'd with dews,
LOVE and his gentle train are seen;—

Then, then my mind from ev'ry care,
From ev'ry sad reflection steals;
Nor asks a ray from GRANDEUR's glare,
To gild the humble bliss it feels!

The flatt'ring forms on FORTUNE's height,
That tempt from calm CONTENT's abode,
Fade like the faithless meteor-light
That lures the trav'ller from his road.

In silent course the moments roll
O'er vales, where lowly wishes live;
Where VIRTUE's greatness lifts the soul
Above the pomp that titles give.

Nor do my joys alone depend,
Like vernal blooms, on sun and sky;

I make the waning year my *friend*—
The hour when summer-blossoms die:

For when through ev'ry wither'd dell
Relentless sweeps the Winter's blast;
When wilder still the surges swell,
Along the ocean's pathless waste!

REFLECTION closer draws the strings
That bind me to my native shore;
And, from each faded object, brings
Some moral unimprest before.

Dear then, the bow'rs where HEALTH resides,
Where TEMP'RANCE lives a chearful gueſt;
Where JOY in even tenour glides,
And GRIEF can lean on FRIENDSHIP'S breast!

Those bow'rs shall bleſs my life's decline,
Though WEALTH its glitt'ring hoard deny;
Shall bid each tender thought be mine
When o'er the *paſt* I breathe a sigh!

ADDRESS

TO

THE READERS OF POETRY,

Written at the Time when the Author was preparing his Poems for the Press.

Ye patronizing friends, whose gen'rous praise
Calls forth the music of the Poet's lays,
Who bade my unambitious Muse aspire,
And throw her trembling hand across the lyre,
Beneath your auspices I wish to place
The *issue* of my pen—a num'rous race;
Too long I've seen the little vagrants roam,
Without a parent's love, a parent's home!
And, ah! as soon as born, tost on a waste—
That dang'rous waste where rages Envy's blast,
Where many a tuneful victim is laid low,
By arrows from the *Tartar-Critic's* bow!
And where Oblivion's opiate (foe to fame)
Creeps, with a deadly languor, through the frame!

O then, ye powerful public patrons, save
My *wand'ring offspring* from th' untimely grave!
Blest with your genial sunshine, they may thrive,
And, to the twentieth cent'ry be alive;
But should they shortly perish in TIME's tide,
Their loss can never—never be supplied!
For old and infirm in the MUSE's service,
With fibres slacken'd, that were once so nervous!
I'm grown unfit for bold poetic raptures,
Dozing whole hours o'er Prose's sleepy chapters:
My pitying friends, with sighing bosom, say,
" Poor man, we long have seen his parts decay!
" Dull, slow, and heavy, moves his Muse along,
" Whether in sonnet, epigram, or song;
" One spark of wit and fancy never shines
" Through the dry desert of a hundred lines;
" His verse oft wants the consonance of rhyme,
" And, in its measure, never keeps to time;
" His thoughts, that should with boldest vigour rise,
" And, with a wing of fire, illume the skies,
" Obscure, half-form'd, in mud and chaos roll,
" And on the ground, like groveling insects, crawl;

" 'Tis plain, that, if he rhyme another year,
" He'll meet, on ev'ry side, th' averted ear:
" But would he from the Muse's paths retire,
" And on some willow rest his unstrung lyre,
" Perhaps in future times some little fame,
" Like evening-light, may glimmer round his name;
" Perhaps some Swain, with grief-expressing eye,
" May seek the spot where his sad reliques lie,
" Pluck the wild weeds that half obscure his tomb,
" And plant the fairest field-flow'rs in their room."

My friends are right;—I'm sorry that they grieve:—
Of my poetic walks I'll take my leave.
Farewel! ye wand'ring rills, whose murmurs sweet,
Dear to the MUSE, have sooth'd my lone retreat:
Farewel, sweet vale*! where CALDEW winds his stream,
Where HOPE and FANCY form'd the goldendream;

* The vale of Sebergham.

And, to th' enraptur'd eye of YOUTH, pourtray'd
A radiant train of years, undash'd with shade!
Farewell! ye lads and lasses of the vale,
Whose loves I've sung to many a passing gale;
I leave to younger, happier bards to praise
The silent tenour of your guiltless days:
And YOU, the patrons of my earliest lay,
O take these sighs! 'tis all the MUSE can pay;
They rise spontaneous from the last ADIEU
That takes its leave of POESY and YOU!

ODES.

ODE I.

TO THE GENIUS OF CUMBERLAND.

I.

WHETHER majestic on some craggy height,
Marking the orient stream of morning light,
Or sober EVENING's shadowy grace,
That steals o'er yon tall mountain's rocky base,
Thou rear thy throne;
Or (soften'd to some milder form)
Meek wander to the dew-bespangled lawn,
Where blows the Zephyr's breeze,
Or grove that braves the desolating storm,
GENIUS of CUMBRIA'S sea-beat shore!
Thy lines of character shall please,
In all their varied hues;
While, from TIME'S spoils, th' historic MUSE
Shall many a long-lost scene restore,

II.

Ev'n midst the shade of ancient days,
On thee has GLORY thrown its rays,
When ALBION from her cliffs survey'd
The flag of haughty ROME display'd;
When she beheld the legions brave,
The pointed rock, the threat'ning wave,
Rous'd by the DRUID's lyre,
Thy warriors rose, intemperately bold,
And, with untutor'd Valour's fire,
Rush'd on th' invading foes.

III.

Terrific on some desart plain,
Or hill declining to aerial blue,
That frowns incumbent o'er the main,
Or, 'mid the forest deepen'd glooms,
Which scarce the noontide-beam illumes,
Thy hardy natives lov'd to roam,
To print with stately step the morning-dew,
And wrapt in solitary pride,
(Not yet by social compacts tied),

To move at will their vagrant home:
Soon as they heard a hostile sound,
With martial step they trod their native ground;
From breast to breast the kindling ardour spread,
To pour destruction on th' invader's head.

IV.

——When, verging to her fate,
ROME called her bands from foreign plains,
To guard, in her declining power, the state
From Gothic hordes, from anarchy and chains,
The PICT, with his dread flag unfurl'd,
Convuls'd, with savage arms, her world;
And ev'n thy valleys, CUMBRIA, felt the shock,
Where long, beneath the victor's shade,
The fire of patriot-worth decay'd;
The spirit sunk which, near yon rock,
That overhangs the rushing tide,
In deeds of hardihood the ROMAN valour tried.

V.

To guard the abject Briton's shed,
Behold the *German* banner spread!
See it in fame triumphant rise,
The *northern host* before it flies:
But soon the *Saxon* arms,
Illum'd by VICT'RY's wreaths,
Turn on th' enervate plains:
Around are spread War's dread alarms,
Around a hostile fury breathes,
And ev'ry Briton's choice is death or chains!

VI.

Wild as the surge that raves around thy coast,
From SCOTIA rush'd a predatory host;
Fierce Rapine filled his hand with spoil,
And scatter'd ruin o'er thy soil;
While ECHO, from her rocky height
That overlooks the neighb'ring plains,
Prolong'd, in airy round, the rude alarms.
'Twas then that Britain's valour glow'd;
From hill to hill thy kindled beacons shew'd

(Mingling their terrors with the gloom of night),
Their blazing signals to thy hapless swains,
Who kept their trembling vigils on their arms!

VII.

But now, around this favour'd isle,
One guardian-ſhade waves o'er the ſoil;
One civic garland binds her brow;
One friendſhip blends its ſocial glow:
Her peaceful lakes, and murm'ring ſtreams,
Reflect not ſteely armour's beams;
Along her friths, and swelling tides,
The busy ſail of COMMERCE glides;
While LABOUR's song is caroll'd round,
And all the happy land ſeems fairy ground!

VIII.

Yet, like some bright enamell'd flower,
That bluſh'd in Summer's genial hour,
That, with its blossoms, lies decay'd
Beneath the oak's unkindly ſhade,

Thy peasant's bliss too often dies
Where GRANDEUR's haughty structures rise:
Hence dear no more his native vale,
By cold Neglect all sicklied o'er,
With Rapture's eye he greets the sail
That bears DESPONDENCE to some kindlier shore!
Though some warm patriot struggles oft rebel—
Some tender image of domestic love,
That melts his bosom as his wishes rove,
When o'er his humble home he breathes his last farewell!

IX.

——————O could the MUSE but hide
The griefs of *Cumbria* in her patriot-pride,
On wing excurfive she would roam,
Far from the *Wand'rer's* hapless home—
Far from chill PEN'RY's dreary cell,
Where oft neglected WORTH is doom'd to dwell,
To those bless'd natives whom, on FORTUNE's height,

GLORY has blazon'd with her richest light;
Who, crown'd with many a civic wreath,
The boldest notes of FREEDOM breathe;
Who seek in foreign fields the foe,
And teach the battle where to glow:
Or to th' advent'rous few who cross the line,
Where the gem sparkles in its native MINE,
And tropic suns a flaming deluge shed,
Scorching each tow'ring mountain's head,
Untemper'd by the Ev'ning's breeze
That fans, in Summer's hours, BRITANNIA'S coast;
Or spread their daring sails where polar frost
Rules, with resistless sway, antarctic seas:
Such were the men whose dauntless soul unfurl'd
ADVENTURE'S sail, and found, with COOK, another world!

X.

And, CUMBRIA, many a letter'd name is thine,
Whose soft, harmonious lyres have won
Undying fame; whose circling wreathes have shone

More bright than those which deck AMBITION'S
gorgeous shrine.
Yon bank, yon bow'rs that rise so fair,
Where ISIS pours his stream along,
Where flow'rs their sweetest fragrance blend,
At the first breath of vernal air,
Have heard thy TICKELL'S* magic song,
That gain'd in ADDISON a patron and a friend.
DALTON† was thine! who, in the Muse's lays,
Sung KESWICK'S hanging woods and mountains
wild,
Its lake's pellucid stream,
Its sweet romantic vales, where FANCY'S child
Dwells with enraptur'd gaze,
As the bright TEMPE of the Poet's dream!

XI.

Careless beside a fountain laid,
At Ev'ning's dewy hour,
'Mid sylvan airs that warbled round,

* See Note (IX.) — † See Note (X.)

Where, wildly o'er th' embosom'd bow'r,
The hawthorn flings its trembling shade,
The *past'ral Bard** of CAUDA's vale was found:
From dell to dell his sweet lute rang,
Responsive to the Zephyr's gale,
Breathing the fragrance that the flow'rs impart:
Of simple life the guiltless loves he sang,
Its homely manners, ere deprav'd by art,
And village-virtues, ere they left the vale.

XII.

What, CUMBRIA, though no citron-groves be thine,
No olive-shades, no clust'ring vine;
And though, amid thy forests drear,
No Nightingales† salute the ear;
Yet still thy mountain-views shall please,
Ting'd by the blush of orient day,

* See Note (XI.)

† The sweetly pensive notes of this bird have never yet been heard in Cumberland.

Or by the soft and mellow'd ray
That gilds the pensive hours of Ev'ning's close;
And still thy vales be dear, where Zephyr's breeze
O'er roseate blossoms blows,
Where INNOCENCE with PEACE can rove;
Still dear thy lakes, on whose pure streams
The hill's inverted horrors move,
In trembling radiance, to the solar beams.

XIII.

O'er thy fair valleys, KESWICK, I would range,
When, from the mountain's caves, no tempests break
On the soft rest of DERWENT's peaceful lake,
Reflecting *Alpine* scen'ry on its breast;
When on the cot and sweetly-bosom'd grange
Have sunk the last beams of the roseate west;
When with a stream of silver light,
In many a chequer'd form,
Pale CYNTHIA tinges ev'ry mountain's height,
Each dell, and murm'ring rill, and hanging grove,
And precipice, where the fierce bird of Jove,

In pendant aerie, lives amidst the storm—
The conflicts rude of elemental war,
And marks, from its ethereal height, his prey from far.

XIV.

Sweet then the symphonies that breathe around,
In varied cadence, o'er this magic ground;—
The stream, soft tinkling down the channell'd rock,
The deeper rush of ruder water-fall,
The weather's bell, the Shepherd's cheerful call,
Tending, with guardian-care, his fleecy flock;
Sweet are the sounds, wak'd by the Zephyr's gale,
That come from hanging wood and lonely dale;
Sweet is the Peasant's ev'ning song,
That calls to sport the village-throng;
The *night jar's* deeply-plaintive tone,
Slow, winding o'er the dusky lawn:
And sweet the vernal breeze,
That, sighing through the trees,
Shakes fragrance o'er the rude, romantic grot;

While Echo, from her airy cell,
Unwearied, catches, on symphonious shell,
The murmurs of each sweet-expiring note!

XV.

To scale thy hills, at Morning's dawn, be mine,
Where useful ores* in rocky caverns shine,
And no wild *hordes* of threat'ning aspect roam;
Where no *volcano*, from its central caves,
In spiry columns, shoots vitrescent waves,
That lay in ruins many a rural home!
Here let me breathe the elemental air;
And, on some breezy rock's aerial brow,
Catch the bright colours of Health's vermeil glow,
And all her temp'rate stores of blessings share:
Oft let me climb thy cliffs, from whence distil
The falling streams of medicated rill;
And whence salubrious herbs, in fragrant gales,
Diffuse their healing virtues o'er the vales:

* See Note (XII.)

Hence no CONTAGION, with mephitic breath,
Sweeps o'er thy past'ral scenes, and scatters death.
But here HYGEIA, of vermilion hues,
Prints, with majestic step, the morning dews,
Smiles on the Swains, who, in their sylvan bow'rs,
Sit round their board of vegetable meals;
While on them AGE, in slow gradations, steals,
Like EV'NING's shades o'er AUTUMN's fading flow'rs!

XVI.

And let me trace the silent foot of TIME,
Amid yon ruin'd castle's mould'ring scenes,
From which the philosophic mind
A heart-felt pleasure gleans—
Gleans a deep moral from each fallen tow'r,
That rear'd its head in pomp sublime,
A monument of feudal pow'r,
That long in bonds of slav'ry held mankind!

XVII.

Near yonder solitary spot, once rose,
In rev'rend majesty, RELIGION's fane*;
Beneath whose hallow'd shade, the zealot-train,
From all life's civil toils, enjoy'd repose.
What though the philosophic eye,
Beneath whose light delusions fly,
May dart, with scornful pride, its glances there;
Yet to its scatter'd ruins I'll repair,
Soon as yon distant mountain gleams
With Morning's trembling light,
To trace where LEARNING shed its beams,
When ROME's proud realms were wrapt in Gothic night!

XVIII.

Oft let me wander to yon mystic ROUND†,
That stands, in massy form, sublime,

* The Abbey of Lanercost, the ruins of which have a very venerable appearance.

† The Druidical Temple at Little Salkeld, on the banks of the River *Eden*.

Historic, mid the wrecks of time,
Marking, with awful shade, the hallow'd ground,
Where EDEN murmurs round his osier'd shore;
There, at the shrine of THOR, the *Druid* shed
Th' expiatory stream of human gore*,
Or midst the banks that VALOUR led,
In trem'lous rage his wild harp strung,
Till wood and hill and valley rung,
And spears and falchions gleam'd upon the sight!
Or, in the dark recesses of his grove,
Hallow'd with many a mystic rite,
Gave to the breast a gentler glow;
By soothing measures, bade the passions move
In mild accordance to the moral law.

XIX.

CUMBRIA! when oft, at ev'ning calm,
Amid thy solitudes I roam,
FANCY on daring pinion soars,
Sweeps o'er Futurity with raptur'd eye,

* See Note (XIII.)

And, on thy rugged shores,
Views many a scene of radiant die:
There soon the sinewy Sons of Toil
Shall bid the heath with harvests smile;
Shall wind along the deep morass,
In long canals, the wat'ry mass,
That, proudly, on the ductile tide,
The freighted wealth of TRADE may glide;
Shall guide, in mazy path, the drain
Through sylvan depths and marshy plain,
Where meteor-coruscations play,
Illusive, o'er the swampy way;
Where on dank wing CONTAGION flies
Amid his lurid train, and shrouds the skies!

XX.

The arts shall rise with emulative fire,
Encircl'd by FAME's brightest wreath;
PAINTING, in glowing tints, shall give
Th' heroic deed and epic scene to live;
Bold ARCHITECTURE with proud Grace aspire,
And SCULPTURE bid the polish'd marble breathe;

Fair POESY, in shades of ease,
With many a magic note, shall please—
Shall rouse the spirit of the MUSE's shell,
Till all around the sweetest music swell;
Till, through the channels of the soul,
Alternate passions roll;
Now shall wake COMPASSION's sigh,
Now shall Rapture light the eye:
And o'er eventful life she oft shall rove,
And with some tale of Sorrow move;—
Or to the bow'rs of MIRTH repair,
And scatter many a joy and vision fair!

ODE II.

WRITTEN AT GILSLAND SPA.

SEE HEALTH prepare the roseate bow'r,
And gild with gold the flying hour!
Rapt'rous views of fond delight
Brighten on the quicken'd sight;

While sprightly measures float around,
Responsive to the voice of joy;
And every walk seems fairy ground,
Where human bliss is found without alloy!

But shall airy FANCY stray
In the Summer's cloudless ray;
And forget that transient flow'rs
Shoot their blossoms but to die?
Lo! the tempest on them low'rs,
And their blushing colours fly!
In early life, ye blooming FAIR,
O think that BEAUTY's rose will fade;
Think that the hand of TIME and CARE
Will soon its vernal lustre shade—
That VIRTUE's powerful spell retains
The Lover's gentle heart in golden chains.

On the rapt eye what radiance glows,
When HEALTH, with her fair train, returns?
No more the heaving bosom mourns,—
Sweet smile the mornings, sweet the evenings close!

While many a soft and tender thought
Is by the pangs of SICKNESS bought:
Hence, in this vale of woe, we chuse
The wreath that's hung with PITY's dews;
Hence CHARITY with HOPE descends,
And, pond'ring on Life's changing tides,
As round the shifting scen'ry glides,
To each *torn sail* her kind assistance lends.

Long, long the health-renewing stream
(No tuneful Bard's selected theme),
Inglorious, near some Hermit's cell,
From hanging cliff and rocky crevice fell:
For, far from SICKNESS's livid shades,
Soft flew the hours of *ancient days*;
On breezy hills, in fragrant glades,
Life's taper burn'd with purest flame;
And, nerv'd by TOIL, the human frame
Fell but by hoary AGE's slow decays!

No longer, LAURA*, linger here,
To whom returns HEALTH's genial year;
Haste where a Lover's lone sigh steals
Along yon line of trembling reeds;
His breast alternate passions feels,
Now Fear alarms, now Hope succeeds—
Fear that SICKNESS's portrait draws,
Hope that paints HEALTH's op'ning rose:
Visions, rais'd by Fancy's pow'r,
In succession rule the hour.
Sweet Nymph! then to thy native meads
O haste, with Pity's melting breast;
Haste with those smiles HYGEIA sheds,
And bid PHILANDER there be blest!

* This Lady was on the verge of Marriage with a deserving Gentleman of her neighbourhood, when, her health beginning to decline, she was ordered, by her Physician, to Gilsland Spa, where the Author had the happiness to find her completely recovered from her complaint, and in all that flow of spirits which accompanies returning health.

ODE III.

TO TIME.

LONG hast thou swept, with ruthless hate,
Creation's bounds, relentless TIME;
Thy wrecks lie strew'd in ev'ry clime;
Marks of thy pow'r are found in ev'ry state!
Fall'n is the bust that gave to Fame
The Hero and the Patriot's name;
Scarce FRIENDSHIP forms the wreaths that bind,
In social love, the kindred mind,
Ere we in Sorrow's weeds deplore
The vanish'd bliss! the Friend no more!
And BEAUTY, in her myrtle-bow'r,
With faded lustre owns thy pow'r.

In *Grecia's* vales, where many a lyre
Sweet warbled to the Zephyr's gale,
Where GENIUS shed her native fire,
The cheerless shades of *Gothic* night prevail!

And where the crested warrior-train,
By valour led, gleam'd o'er the plain,
The rude Swain drags the tedious hour,
Dampt by OPPRESSION'S tyrant-pow'r;
Lo! o'er thy wastes he throws a languid eye,
But sees no trace of former glory nigh!
The laurell'd bust, the trophied car—
The gilded pomp of ruthless war,
That liv'd their day by SCULPTURE'S aid,
Lie, sunk by thee, in dark OBLIVION'S shade.

How silent now yon festive hall,
Where Knights in rustic revels strove;
Where on the soul the Minstrel's music stole,
And wak'd it to the joys of hospitable love;
Oft lonely there, at twilight grey,
Pale MELANCHOLY loves to stray;
Oft, near some ruin'd abbey's tow'rs,
Bends o'er the broken arch and prostrate spire;
While, 'mid the sacred solitude, expire
The sounds that float at Ev'ning's pensive hours.

But, *Tyrant!* though, 'mid ruins drear,
We trace thine unrelenting pow'r;
Though on the mould'ring wall, the shatter'd tow'r,
Marks of thy desolating hand appear;
Yet, 'mid thy wrecks, the *pile* of VIRTUE stands,
And, bright in heav'n's unfading dies,
Lifts its proud columns to the skies;
Around it many a radiant flow'r expands—
Life's genuine joys, CONTENTMENT fair,
And sacred HOPE, that sheds a friendly glare.

ODE IV.

TO HEALTH.

GREAT Goddess (Friend of humankind),
Whose bright locks wanton in the wind;
Whose looks CONTENTMENT'S smiles adorn,
Soft as the purple blush of morn,

Come to the breezy lawn, or spangled vale,
When PHŒBUS gilds yon hoary height,
With purest streams of orient light,
And o'er autumnal treasures sweeps a spicy gale.

Inspir'd by thee, the Swains advance
To lead, on village-green, the dance:
Or, in their wildly-woven bow'rs,
With artless songs beguile the hours;
Or, vig'rous, scale the mountain's brow,
Though round the blasts of Winter blow.
The light that beams from MYRA's eye
Receives from thee its magic hue;
Ah! should'st thou bid that Maid adieu,
Her form will fade, her roses die!

To vernal pomp that gaily spreads,
In wild luxuriance, o'er the meads;
To fragrant groves, to woodbine shades,
To music wild that fills the glades;
To scenes where artless manners reign,
To morning-dews that gem the plain,

To shadowy walks, when CYNTHIA's beams
Play on the murm'ring river's streams,
Thou giv'st a pleasing pow'r;
Without thee ev'ry joy would fade,
The storms of Fate would darker low'r,
And life appear a waste enwrapt in shade!

Foe to thy gentle joys is PLEASURE's ball,
The orgies of the bacchanalian-train,
The revels of the mirth-resounding hall,
Where wild Confusion and Intemp'rance reign;
But much thou lov'st the daisied green,
Where YOUTH, with rustic garlands crown'd,
And honour'd AGE, with brow serene,
Bid mingled notes of joy fly o'er the fairy ground!

Oft, in romantic SEB'RAM's vales,
Blushing with many a summer-rose,
Thou twin'st thy blooming wreaths;
Or, where the *Eden's* silver current flows,

Drinks BEAUMONT'S* fragrant gales,
Pure as the breeze that o'er MONTPELIER breathes!
And oft, gilt by the dews of morn,
'Mid KESWICK'S mountain-scenes thou lov'st to rove;
And, from the rock's impending brow,
To hear the Hunter's mellow horn,
Sweet, vibrate in the vale below;
While ECHO'S voice is heard round hill, and dale,
and grove!
Yes, oft where Nature's fields appear—
The howling waste, the mountain hoar,
Where frowns the Winter's storm,
Th' impending cliff, th' indented shore,
The Shepherds view thy radiant form,
And oft thy soft melodious accents hear.

Whether thou love the vale or hill,
The vocal grove, or murm'ring rill,
Haste to the bow'r where STELLA lies,
With whom the bud of Pleasure dies;

* A village on the banks of the river Eden, remarkable for the beauty and salubrity of its situation.

A dim suffusion shades each grace,
That wont to revel on her face;
Disease invades with tyrant pow'r,
And Grief usurps the ling'ring hour;
Give her again the sweet repose—
O let her tread the fragrant glade,
And bid her Beauty's rose
Bloom, like the flow'ret in the woodland shade.

ODE V.

TO FORTUNE.

Thou, whom all states and climes adore,
Whose altars smoke on ev'ry shore;
Who, from the hunger of the Cobler's stall,
In luxury oft bid'st thy fav'rites roll,
In Life's sad wilderness, O be my friend!
Beneath thy shining skies, O let me live;
Awhile the Poet's destiny suspend,
And to his rolling years a little sunshine give!

'Tis true that thriving Bards we seldom find,
And where's the wonder that they are not fat?
For are they not to thee unkind?
Do they not round thee scatter SCANDAL's shade—
Call thee a volatile, capricious jade?
And make thee blind as any moping bat?
Hence thou, without one sympathizing tear,
Beheld'st poor OTWAY dying in his cell,
Saw'st DRYDEN drag the slow-revolving year,
And heard'st the sighs of plaintive COLLINS swell!

Bright *Goddess!* if thou wish the MUSE's lays
Should fill the world's wide circle with thy praise,
And scatter round thee notes divine,
Her voice will be more clear, more bold,
If, by thy leave, the roseate god of wine
(Whose ivied shrine the JOYS surround),
Should on her *droughted* bow'r
His sparkling flaggons pour!
For when nectareous streams are roll'd,
In radiant current, o'er poetic ground,

All FANCY's verdant plants will thrive,
And, like the Evergreen, be still alive!
Before the bumper's genial influence fly
(Like shades before the morning glare),
Pale MELANCHOLY, SPLEEN, and moping CARE,
And ev'ry Imp that from us rends the sigh:

But though with a capricious hand thou deal
Thy various favours to mankind;
Though honours often crown the *knave* or *fool*;
Though by thine arm the *weak* are rais'd to rule;
Though from thy frowns the *wise* and *virtuous* steal
To solitude and shade;
Yet still some latent wisdom we may find—
Something of Justice in thy freaks display'd;
For those of FOLLY's thoughtless brood,
Who reach, with hasty step, thy peak,
Who chase some visionary good—
Some trifle gilded by thy smile:
Leave, undisturbed, the *low* and *meek*
To till, with unambitious toil,
In Life's sequester'd vale, the mental soil;

To bide in this sad pilgrimage below,
Where'er the steps of INNOCENCE have trod,
The flow'r of peaceful PLEASURE blow,
And with its fragrance cheer the tedious road!

Say, *Goddess!* while to thee our wishes roll,
While from thine altars clouds of incense rise,
What are thy greatest favours we receive?
Are they not evils in disguise?
That bid us joy an hour, a season grieve—
That steal from Virtue and from Heav'n the soul;
Oft, 'mid the darkness of AFFLICTION'S night,
We see the mind serene—
See VIRTUE'S genuine light,
In all its grandeur, gild the human scene!
Oft, 'mid Life's adverse shocks,
The soul, collected, stands secure,
Like yonder range of mountain-rocks
That braves the WINTER'S desolating pow'r!
But if thou spread AMBITION'S pleasing dream;
If, from thy golden urn,
Thy copious bounty stream;

If on the shed of POVERTY thou turn
Thy smile-illumin'd face,
VIRTUE's fair form no longer then we trace;
Her colours melt away,
Like frost-work beauties in the solar ray!

ODE VI.

TO PEACE.

O'ER desolated fields, where move,
To WAR's dread notes, th' embattled host,
O PEACE! display thy olive-wreath,
And bid the gentle voice of LOVE
(Soft as the Zephyr's vernal breeze),
From coast to coast,
In RANCOUR's hostile bosom breathe,
That warring passions there may cease,
And all the world be harmony and peace!

Then from the castle's massy gate
No more shall WAR's fierce squadrons pour;
No more the dreadful charge of fate,
Around the hapless Peasant's bow'r,
Shall be, by brazen trumpets, blown;
No more the battle's fury breathe;
But in each grove, and field, and plain,
The Sons of INDUSTRY shall wreathe
A garland gay, to deck thy radiant throne,
Of FLORA's blushing flow'rs, and AUTUMN's golden grain.

Then boldly, even on desert-seas,
ADVENTURE's sail shall court the breeze,
And to uncultur'd nations bear
The civil bliss which Britons share;
While COMMERCE, with her sails unfurl'd,
Brings to her ports the product of the world,
Till all the tide of wealth expand,
In various channels, through the land;
While laws, that Freedom fair inspires,
Protect the property that TOIL acquires;

And BRITAIN'S gen'rous bosom warms,
In grateful feelings, round her Patriot-King,
From whose paternal cares these heav'nly blessings
spring:
Or with resentment glows
At treach'rous GAUL'S ambitious arms,
The dark Assassin's murd'rous aim,
Whose cold, malignant heart ne'er knows
The patriot-light that gilds a *Brunswick's* name!
What are the triumphs GALLIA boasts,
The blood-stain'd wreaths that crown her hosts,
To the mild joys that civil arts bestow,
The calm of social life, and Freedom's temp'rate glow?
And, Britain! in this radiant sphere 'tis thine,
In Glory's tranquil dignity to shine;
Save when AMBITION grasps the lance,
And, by tumultuous passions hurl'd,
Shakes, with convulsive arms, the world:
Then from thy wave-encircled shore,
As far as NEPTUNE'S billows roar,
'Mid VICT'RY'S wreaths thou bidst the floating war
advance!

Though now the *British* thunder roll,
In awful peals, from pole to pole;
Yet, in the MUSE's radiant eye,
Thy sacred form, O PEACE! is nigh;
And, from her soft, prophetic tongue,
These gentle accents breathe along:
No more the clarion's martial sound
Shall vibrate o'er the tented ground;
But thither *Joy* and *Love* repair,
And shed their mildest influence there:
No more the *pencil's* glowing dies
Shall bid the *epic field* arise;
No more pourtray the Hero's deeds,
From which soft PITY's eye recedes:
The Warrior's name, in notes of fire,
No more shall tremble from the *lyre*;
But, in its sweet resounding lays,
Shall live some theme of rural praise;
While, circling round the social hearth,
Soft fly the choral songs of MIRTH;
And 'midst the sylvan shades are heard,
(When on the crimson'd hill

The sun has left his farewel rays),
The Shepherd's lute, the Evening's plaintive bird,
The breeze that 'midst the trembling foliage plays,
And the sweet-soothing voice of many a murm'ring rill!

ODE VII.

TO THE MOON.

WHEN gently down the western sky
Sink the last beams of parting day,
When on the hill the tints decay,
That glitter'd on the raptur'd eye,
To thee, O CYNTHIA, still I turn,
Amidst the falling shades of night,
When flow'rs, in dewy lustre, mourn
The absence of meridian light—
To thee (pale Empress of the skies)
I turn a breast that heaves with sighs!

Whether thy silver radiance fall
Upon some turret's mould'ring wall,
Or shadowy grove, or, trembling, gleam
Upon some softly-murm'ring stream,
Thou giv'st a charm unfelt before;
O'er all the soul
Sweet pensive pleasures roll;
The mind is taught
Mild Wisdom's sacred lore;
And, 'mid the calm of midnight-hours,
Roves in a wider range of thought,
New energies to it are giv'n,
To grasp at things commens'rate with its pow'rs,
And on Reflection's wing to mount to Heav'n:

Hence sacred to the moral sage
Is the lone hour of night;
He sees, as from a rising ground,
Ambition tread its guilty round,
'Mid Pomp's illusive light;
Around he sees the human tempest rage:

To him thine orb, and all the radiant train
That in heaven's vault perform their destin'd course,
Roll not in vain;
In awful characters, he sees imprest
The great CREATOR's name,—
Feels, with new force,
DEVOTION's sacred flame,
Fresh kindled at the skies, pervade his breast!

The Bard, to whom each pow'r is known
That dwells in MUSIC's magic tone,
Who can from ev'ry trembling string,
At ev'ry touch, a rapture bring,
Led by thy beam, roves o'er the waste,
Regardless of the Winter's blast,
Explores the lonely track that leads
To mournful dells and silent meads;
And 'mid the forest, dark and still,
Beside some fairy-haunted rill,
With looks that seem to speak despair,
With breast that seems o'erwhelm'd with care,

Befriended by thy radiance mild,
Breathes on the gale his fancies wild;
And though 'tis his to shed a rapt'rous glow
O'er ev'ry breast, which harmony can move—
To wake the tender symphonies of love—
To bid th' obedient passions VIRTUE serve—
Yet, ah! 'tis his, in ev'ry trembling nerve,
To feel, with keener sense, th' afflictive strokes of woe!

Queen of the Night! O near his shade,
Gilt by thy silver hues,
And Ev'ning's falling dews,
Let no licentious footsteps stray,
No noise his silent cell invade,
Save the mild ZEPHYR's plaintive gale,
Soft breathing o'er the twilight vale,
And gathering fragrance on its way;
Or save the sweetly-solemn sound
That wanders o'er the osier'd ground,
The mournful echoes from yon ivied walls,
And the wild melody of distant water-falls!

ODE IX.

TO ECHO.

WHERE KESWICK'S cliffs o'erhang the dale,
Responsive to the Shepherd's tale,
Oft, 'midst its wild romantic grots,
I hear thy long-protracted notes.

O may no clarions rude invade
Its peaceful vale, its sylvan glade;
But, with the rural choir around,
May thy soft symphonies be found;
And when I hear the Shepherd's song,
The bleeting flocks that range along,
The breeze that, through the silent grove,
Bears the soft sigh that steals from love;
The Woodman's oft-repeated stroke,
The stream that falls from hanging rock,

The dashing of the neighb'ring mill,
When all around is dark and still;
The sweeping oars that gently break
The slumbers of the peaceful lake,
The music of the vocal lawn,
The Hunter's horn at Morning's dawn—
O! when I hear their chorus swell,
Sweet ECHO! give it to thy shell.

ODE X.

TO CONTENTMENT.

WHEN, solitary, o'er Life's waste,
Attack'd by FORTUNE'S wint'ry blast,
As treach'rous phantoms round me gleam,
With pilgrim-steps I pensive roam,
Blest! if I catch from thee a beam,
To light me to thy peaceful home!

Fair Nymphs! in sober vest array'd,
Whose modest beauties love the shade,
'Midst noise and splendour seldom seen,
O! as the busy world retires,
On thy calm bosom let me lean,
Far from the glitt'ring walks that Pride admires:
The hill, where rove the Shepherd's flocks,
The cavern rude, the desert rocks,
From thee receive a charm;
In vain will blow the hollow wind,
In vain will Winter threaten harm,
If thou bear up the sinking mind.

In silent train, the HOURS are led
By thee, around the Peasant's shed,
For *there* no hostile passions roll,
No proud, ambitious wishes spring;
But, o'er the regulated soul,
PEACE spreads her downy wing!

Upon his board sits roseate HEALTH,
The placid smile that WELCOME wears,

The tranquil joys, unbought by wealth,
The bliss which VIRTUE's bosom shares;
While many an artless song goes round
His humble hearth, where thou and Peace are found!

Ah! why does GRANDEUR strive to raise
FAME's structures on a faithless base;
VIRTUE, in tints celestial bright,
On thee will only shine;
Her modest wreathes of temp'rate light
Will grace no other brow but thine.

Though on her solitary bow'r
MISFORTUNE's cruel Winter low'r;
And though, from Life's ill-fated urn,
Each woe that whelms the bosom stream,
To thee and HOPE her eye will turn,
And, from your op'ning radiance, catch a gleam.

AVARUS, who o'er golden heaps,
With trembling care, his vigils keeps

(New wishes rising with his hoard),
No sweet sensations ever feels,
No rapture, from AFFECTION's chord,
Along his flinty bosom steals!

LORENZO, whom such joys engage
As vanish at th' approach of age;
Whose swelling sails reach ev'ry coast,
Around a world of mirth and glare,
Ne'er sighs, till, vanish'd into air,
He sees his bubble pleasures lost.

The Man who climbs AMBITION's height,
Where glitters many a faithless light,
'Midst Life's tumultuous scenes may stray,
May rove beneath intemp'rate skies,
Tread FOLLY's circle ev'ry day,
And chase some glitt'ring meteor as it flies:

But *they*, who wish to seek thy cell,
Must bid the busy world farewel;

No more must urge the dashing ore,
And force their shatter'd bark to sea;
Taught by the wrecks that strew the shore,
Must learn to value PEACE and THEE.

ODE XI.

TO ZEPHYR.

SOFT attendant on the SPRING,
Bearing incense on thy wing,
When thou go'st thy fragrant round,
O'er the flower-enamell'd ground,
Stealing perfume in thy flight
From each flow'r of purple light,
Call at LAURA'S sweet retreat,
Where the LOVES and GRACES meet;
Breathe, O breathe, a gentle air
O'er the shade that hides my Fair!

She, 'mid forests dark and lone,
By the Throstle's * music drawn,
On the marge of murm'ring streams,
Brighten'd by the lunar beams,
Wanders, at the Ev'ning hours,
From her wood-encircled bow'rs,
Walks, in Beauty's charms, unseen,
O'er the hamlet's shadowy green,
Like the modest flow'r of MAY,
Shrinking from the eye of Day!
When thy wanton gales have stray'd
O'er the bosom of the Maid,
Pilfer'd from so sweet a flow'r,
Shed their fragrance round my bow'r;
Then to her O take a part
Of the sorrows of my heart,
Bear a portion of the sighs
That from hopeless Love arise;
If no Pity fill her eye,
And her answer bid me die,

* The Thrush.

Whisper to the thoughtless Maid
That the rose of Youth will fade—
That the spell of BEAUTY's form,
Broke, by AGE, will cease to charm—
That the moments of her SPRING
Urge their flight on rapid wing—
That their path, ungilt by love,
Like the frozen zone will prove,
Where no solar radiance glows
O'er a lengthen'd waste of snows.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

TO THE REV. JONATHAN BOUCHER, M. A.

ON HIS

ARRIVAL IN CUMBERLAND

FROM AMERICA.

I venerate the Man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE rural MUSE, in warm, though homely strains,
Greets thee, my BOUCHER*, on thy native plains;
And, in that honest welcome, bids thee live
To ev'ry praise a grateful heart can give.

* See Note (XIV.)

In that *great field*, where brighter garlands grow
Than those with which AMBITION decks its brow,
Long hast thou toil'd, nor hast thou toil'd in vain,
If what the bosom feels be present gain—
If what it feels when grateful minds declare,
That to thy toils they owe the bliss they share—
Owe those undying hopes that bring relief
To the torn heart, when sinking with its grief!

RELIGION'S Friend! the noblest lot is thine,
To draw pure doctrines from a source divine;
To mend the heart by sacred WISDOM'S lore,
And the *long Wand'rer* to his fold restore;
To raise that confidence which rests on heav'n,
By whom all good, all human bliss is giv'n;
To give each struggling virtue strength to rise,
And light her hallow'd taper at the skies;
With moral truth, with many a thought refin'd,
To consecrate the temple of the mind!
Blest is the MUSE, while she with ardour pays
To thy bright worth the tribute of her praise—

To thy pure life, which on thy passing hours,
And on thy precepts, living lustre pours.

In that ill-fated hour when Discord rose,
And bade COLUMBIA'S Sons be BRITAIN'S foes,
When, in the passions' headlong tide, were lost
The gentlest feelings that the heart could boast;
Beyond th' Atlantic wave, we saw thee prove
Thy Christian-spirit and thy Patriot-love;
And, 'mid the public ferment, strive to bind
In warm AFFECTION'S bonds, the human mind:
Firm in thy duties, it was thine to shew
What to our country, what to heav'n we owe;
To censure boldly FACTION'S daring flame,
And give due honours to the Patriot's name.

NOW CUMBRIA greets thee (all thy wand'rings o'er)
With a warm welcome on her rocky shore,
Where never ruder echoes move along
Than the soft warblings of the Shepherd's song.

Her woods, her streams, her valleys will engage
The sober moments of declining AGE;
For in all climes, 'mid leisure, or 'mid toil,
The heart's fond fav'rite is our native soil;
The plains where first we breath'd the vital air,
Will still our warmest, latest wishes share;
Though on those plains no genial suns should pour
Their kindly beams, to wake the vernal flow'r;
Though deserts frown, and rocks on rocks appear,
And desolating WINTER claim the year;
Though the poor Native to his hut retires,
And just to breathe is all that he desires!

But since, my Friend, to CUMBRIA there is giv'n
A kinder soil, a more indulgent heav'n;
Since there the fields, the woods, and lawns, assume,
In SPRING's soft-rolling hours, the liveliest bloom;
Since there the Zephyr's softly-breathing gale
Sheds Health and Joy o'er ev'ry hill and vale;
Since there the feather'd Songster's vernal lay
Floats, in wild harmony, from spray to spray;

Much will thy warm and gen'rous bosom feel,
That still expandeth to the public weal—
Much will it feel to find no patriot-hand
Throw its rich bounties on thy native land;
And to her wastes*, which now repel the eye,
Where, without fragrance, vernal breezes fly,
Give golden harvests fruits of mellow-glow,
And teach the ductile river where to flow;—
Much will it feel to find that SCIENCE there,
Of public favours is denied a share,
That GENIUS there, with hand all wildly thrown
Upon her harp, is left to sigh alone,
To breathe, with frame unnerv'd, with visage pale,
DESPAIR'S sad accents on each passing gale!
Ev'n RELPH† had wanted a plain stone to tell
Where bloom'd his virtues, where he sung so well,
Had not my BOUCHER, in his fond regard,
Paid that just tribute to our *northern Bard*.

Once in sev'n years I grant that OP'LENCE pours
On *starving Cumbrians* all its golden show'rs,

* See Note (XV.) † See Note (XVI.)

When Lords of Manors lay their grandeur down,
And ask poor HODGE to dine with them in town:
But say, in *saturnalian days* like these,
When the *big promise* floats on ev'ry breeze—
Say what advantages our country gains
From all this waste of money and of pains?
Do not a train of real evils rise
Where PARTY's broad-expanded ensign flies?
Ah, yes! its favours, though they seem to bless,
Still leave the hoard of social bliss the less;
Intemp'rance grows, industrious habits fall,
Till a lethargic stupor spreads o'er all!

Believe me, BOUCHER, he can only claim
The proud distinction of a Patriot's name,
Who to the public good, with op'ning soul,
Bids all his wishes tend, his passions roll;
Who, by a tie more strong than NATURE's drawn,
Makes all his country's int'rests still his own;
Who to his King that best of off'rings brings—
The love that from a grateful bosom springs;

Who courts not notice as AMBITION's tool—
Who scorns to be the rabble's knave or fool!
Who will not with one sordid thought invade
The sanctity, by heav'n-born FREEDOM made;
But to her fane with purest heart repair,
And all her spirit, all her blessings share,
Catch the rich honours that, with ray divine,
Break on the Patriot, from her hallow'd shrine.

Nor rests such worth on FORTUNE's fav'ring hour—
On the mere accidents of birth and pow'r;
Oft, oft it rises in an humble state,
'Mong Men whom VIRTUE only renders great,
Whose moments glide, unmark'd by public fame,
Whose chief ambition is an honest name!
For though like PITT it be not theirs to raise
A pile of glory on all *Europe's* praise;
Nor theirs to bid, like SPENCER, valour glow,
As far as Ocean's swelling billows flow,
To blazon triumphs round BRITANNIA's name,
And swell her records with an age of fame!

Yet, touch'd by great examples, they can feel
Upon their souls the *patriot-passion* steal,
And, in the track of duty, share applause
With the first Guardian of our country's laws;
While their domestic Virtues, mildly bright,
Upon their peaceful life diffuse their light.
To guard her rights should e'er the State demand,
Still at that call their gen'rous breasts expand—
Still does her welfare fill each fond desire—
Still to her praises does their pride aspire:
Whether amid the battle's rage they fall,
Or sleep within the church-yard's hallow'd wall,
Some humble stone their tale of honour tells—
Some Shepherd on their public virtue dwells.

O! though the ills of CUMBRIA I deplore,
The eye yet loves to wander o'er her shore;
For in her vales, which woods and hills surround,
The rev'rend form of rustic worth is found;
The good old-fashion'd virtues linger there,
And shoot their blossoms in congenial air;

There friendly hearths blaze round the welcom'd guest;
There social Freedom opens all her breast;
There ev'ry look and word, unspoil'd by art,
Speaks the home-language of an honest heart;
There BEAUTY's form its brightest colours takes,
While many a soft and tender passion wakes:
And this, my Friend, is CUMBRIA's peaceful form,
When in the glow of civil virtue warm!
But when proud GAUL, by vain ambition hurl'd,
Breaks on the calm of Britain and the world,
She foremost in the ranks of VALOUR glows,
And bursts to glory in the Nation's cause,
Adds to the wreaths which VICT'RY's has spread,
In radiant folds, round ALBION's awful head.

Shame to the GREAT! a land like this should share
No Patron's favour and no Patriot's care;
Should, like some isolated rock, remain,
Though NATURE's bounty blesses ev'ry plain;

Shame! that no more her peaceful hamlets shade
The bashful virtues of the Village-Maid;
That the poor Vagrant is denied a shed,
Ev'n on the plains where his Forefathers bled;
That LABOUR'S hardy offspring leaves the land,
Driv'n by OPPRESSION'S rude, unfeeling hand;
While, unreclaim'd, her heathy commons lie,
And spread a dreary desert to the eye!

O since I know, my Friend, thy gen'rous heart
Of thy lov'd country's sorrows bears a part,
Behold the MUSE, as Hope's fair blooms expand,
To all thy patriot-wishes mould the land;—
Behold her give, in FANCY'S splendid hue,
Free from all shade, thy CUMBRIA to the view.
On yon waste tracts, with heath and furze o'erspread,
Where many a sun its useless beams has shed,
Where ne'er the thrifty Housewife's rushy light
Illumes the bosom of a Winter's night,
See future harvests crown the mellow'd soil,
And, with their wealth, repay the Tiller's toil;

See peaceful cots and little hamlets rise,
And sacred spires that seem to touch the skies:
Where OCEAN, 'mid th' infuriate tempests roar,
Sweeps with its rage a solitary shore;
See harbours open, moles projected brave
The rushing fury of the mountain-wave;
And where the billows scatter ruin round,
In their fierce inroads, see th' opposing mound;
See the canal (a gen'rous country's boast)
Connect the eastern with the western coast!*
See public BOUNTY, as it rises, spread
Its genial light round letter'd MERIT's shed,
Chase the cold damps that chill the MUSE's lyre,
And call forth all its spirit—all its fire;
See PAINTING hold with NATURE friendly strife,
And touch the canvas till it glow with life!

To minds like thine, my BOUCHER, scenes like these,
Though seen through FANCY's faithless glass, will please;

* See Note (XVII.)

The soul amid the rapt'rous vision glows,
And, from her present sorrow, steals a pause.
And when, my Friend, th' illusive joy shall fly,
And CUMBRIA'S deserts rush upon thine eye,
O may'st thou still beneath some peaceful shade,
By LEARNING and by VIRTUE sacred made,
Enjoy each bliss that polish'd minds can please,
A letter'd leisure, philosophic ease;
And till some Bard, fill'd with the MUSE'S fire,
To patriot-virtue shall attune the lyre,
And o'er thy name, in his immortal lays,
Shed the rich fragrance of undying praise,
Accept this verse, 'tis all my MUSE can give,
Warm is the tribute, though but short it live.

BURNSIDE, March, 1800.

EPISTLE II.

TO MR. DANIEL STALKER.

The dearest Friend to me, the kindest Man,
The best conditioned and unwearied Spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy. SHAKSPEARE.

OFT, STALKER,* in my rural bow'rs,
Kind MEM'RY sooths my passing hours;
And in a soft and mellow'd hue
Recals Life's former scenes to view.
O'er *Seb'ram's* sweet romantic vales,
Refresh'd by earliest vernal gales,
Our childhood stray'd, estrang'd to care,
And catch'd each joy that wander'd there.

When on the hill, the setting sun
With faint, though pleasing lustre shone,

* See Note (XVIII.)

On CAUDA's banks, with breasts at ease,
Embower'd in a shade of trees,
Amid the beams of parting day,
We sat and talk'd the hours away;
Or soft, along the shadowy dell,
We heard the hamlet's murmurs swell—
Heard the last songs which woodlands pour,
At EV'NING's sweet and silent hour.

Together, too, we sought the road
That leads to LEARNING's bright abode;
When, at each step, some prospect new,
With all the pow'r of magic drew!
O'er HOMER's epic lays we glow'd,
Catch'd rapture, as his numbers flow'd;
Or view'd him where, in VIRGIL's lines,
In soft-reflected light he shines.
The wit of HORACE too would please,
And plaintive OVID's graceful ease:
But human joys, howe'er refin'd,
Too long pursu'd, unnerve the mind,

For who amidst a blaze can live,
Though GENIUS ev'n that blaze should give?
Hence, oft upon the village-green,
When twilight stole o'er ev'ry scene,
With many a rural garland crown'd,
We join'd the sports that circled round;
Our raptur'd bosoms, light as air,
Reflected ev'ry pleasure there;
While on the blank of future hours,
Bright FANCY strew'd her summer-flow'rs.

But o'er the joys, by YOUTH carest,
That gave their sunshine to the breast,
Too soon the shades of Sorrow past—
Too soon life seem'd a darken'd waste!
We bade our native fields adieu,
Where, on light wing, the minutes flew;
You where AUGUSTA's grandeur spreads,
And THAMES his oosy waters leads,
Where smoke and other ills annoy,
VIRTUE's calm dignity enjoy!

While I, by FORTUNE humbly laid
In BURNSIDE's* sweet-sequester'd shade,
In accents artless, wild, and rude,
Sooth, with a song, my solitude!
Here, as my life has reach'd its noon,
Heav'n! let my ev'ning-sun go down!
And, that the hours may smoother glide,
Let STALKER near my cot reside:
Then, though the ruthless hand of TIME
Pluck ev'ry flow'r of manhood's prime,
Amidst an ether mild and clear,
Shall Life's declining day appear;
And, on its lone and shadowy hour,
The cup of bliss shall FRIENDSHIP pour,
And streams of social rapture roll,
In radiant current, o'er the soul!
And if hoar CARE (invidious Fiend!)
Should o'er our *smiling landscape* bend;
And strive, with hostile hand, to tear
The rose of joy that blossoms there,

* See Note (XIX.)

With all our bosoms on a glow,
We'll shake our bottle at the foe!

What though, amid the vain and proud—
The strifes and follies of the croud,
Your silent virtues live at ease,
Within a *little world of peace*—
That little world—an honest breast,
By HEAV'N's sweet-cheering sunshine blest!
Say, can the pomp the city pours,
E'er gain a heart so fram'd as yours?
Can WEALTH or GRANDEUR's pageant show
One look of admiration draw?
Can you, unwearied, FOLLY trace,
That changes ev'ry day its face?
Can you, with placid eye, behold
Pow'r, rank, and *favour* bought with gold?
While modest MERIT's useful days
Are hardly mark'd by public praise!

Haste then, O haste, to rural calm,
In *Cumbrian* valleys fix your home;

Your easy manners, winning mien,
Will polish all the rustic scene;
And o'er the past'ral VIRTUES throw
A pleasing air, a graceful glow.
To welcome you from *London* town,
Old SKIDDAW* will toss off his frown—
Will soften into smiles his brow,
Though burthen'd with a load of snow;
And CAUDA, as he pours along,
Will greet you with his sweetest song;
The merry lads of SEB'RAM'S vale
Will drink your health in *cans* of ale;
The bonny lasses, free from guile,
Will bless you with their brightest smile;
And I, on rustic reed, wil play
From morning to the close of day!

* The highest mountain in Cumberland.

BURNSIDE, Dec. 1799.

EPISTLE III.

TO THE AUTHOR'S SISTER,

WITH

DR. GREGORY'S "LEGACY TO HIS DAUGHTERS."

ACCEPT, dear girl, while bloom life's vernal flow'rs,
The product of a Father's evening-hours;
With him we seem in *Tusc'lum's* shade to rove,
And talk with WISDOM in her sacred grove.
Free as from TULLY'S pen instruction flows,
To give YOUTH dignity and AGE repose;
Contemning all that praise which FLATT'RY gives,
In ev'ry precept *all the Father lives*,
And warm AFFECTION shews the sacred road
That leads to Virtue, Happiness, and GOD!
As vernal suns, when they at eve decline,
Oft on the blushing flow'rets sweetly shine;
And scatter o'er them many a magic hue,
Ere night shall fill their fragrant cups with dew:
So the fond Father's love, in Life's decays,
Pours on the infant-mind its farewel-rays—

Gilds it with VIRTUE's undecaying light,
Ere on it fall the *dews* of SORROW's night!

Read then, dear SALLY, with assiduous care,
The page that adds new beauties to the FAIR;
Its pious Author knew the Instructor's part—
To gain, and then to mould the ductile heart!
With all a Teacher's skill he knew to blend
The duties of a Father and a Friend;
RELIGION here, in garb attractive drest,
Gives its soft sunshine to the Fair One's breast;
There PLEASURE's rose, in varied dies, unfolds,
Twin'd in th' unfading wreath that VIRTUE holds;
No joys proscrib'd that REASON can approve,
Lost the *stern censor* in the Father's love;
For who blames BEAUTY innocently gay?
Or WIT, whose harmless coruscations play?
Save the cold apathy of *Cynic* AGE,
That deems all Mirth encroachment on the *Sage*.

O let the page that truest genius fir'd—
A *Father* wrote, and VIRTUE's self inspir'd—

Be thy safe pilot from a dang'rous shore,
With INDISCRETION's shipwreck cover'd o'er!
A Brother's love the dang'rous track surveys,
And, though at distance, still its tribute pays;
Still shall his thoughts, from cold self-interest free,
In all his wand'rings, fondly dwells on thee—
Dwell till his tomb proclaim his wand'rings o'er,
And his still bosom beat for thee no more!

Adieu! I'll leave thee, in thy native bow'rs,
To the dear Guardian* of thine orphan'd hours;
Too much thy Friend, too much the Friend of Truth,
To bid his vigilance repose o'er Youth;
On that gay season VICE its magic tries,
From it *the future* takes th' imparted dies:
Since circumscribed the space the FAIR can claim,
For their exertions in the fields of fame,
No *transient* blooms should croud the bounded scene,
But VIRTUE's laurels of undying green.

* WILLIAM SCOTT, Esq. the Author's maternal Uncle. This Gentleman, no less distinguished for the vigour of his understanding than for the virtues of his heart, died at Sebergham in 1793, soon after these verses were written.

EPISTLE IV.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

WHY, MARY, has your pen so long
Ne'er made a sonnet or a song;
'Twill gather rust, unless you use it,
And all the *Muses* will abuse it.
Since WINTER has to Greenland fled—
The gelid clime where he was bred,
And where, amidst a pile of snows,
He braves the sun and all his foes;
'Mid LYNE'S* sweet murmurs court the Muse,
When morning sheds its pearly dews;
When FLORA'S hand gilds ev'ry scene
With roseate flow'rs and cheerful green;
When lively larks, on airy wing,
Salute with sprightly notes the spring:

* A river in the north of Cumberland.

When vocal Zephyrs breathe along,
And ev'n the *Hether** gives its song!

Haste! tell me, in harmonious rhyme,
What has employ'd you all this time;
And let your gather'd news disperse,
In all the melody of verse!
Pray tell me what poor hapless Swain
Sighs for some haughty Fair in vain;
What Lads and Lasses faithful prove,
And bask amid the beams of love;
What thoughtless *pair*, in wedlock's tether,
On some bare heath, are bound together;
Ah! who can paint this couple's woe
When times are hard and purse is low!
Sad, sad they drag the marriage-chain,
In future dread and present pain:
Chill blows the Winter on their bow'rs,
And Toil attends their summer-hours;
No field of waving grain is theirs,
Nor tree, that mellow apples bears;

* A small river that falls into the *Lyne*.

The lowing herds, that range the vales,
Ne'er fill, with streamy milk, their pails:
The flocks, that bleat on hill or lawn,
They cannot—cannot call their own!

Perhaps so brisk a girl as you
May bring a livelier scene to view,
And bid me note some village-green,
Where roseate HEALTH and MIRTH are seen;
Where artless music warbles round,
While merry dancers beat the ground;
Where rural lads and lasses meet,
With hearts that to LOVE's measures beat;
Where boys and girls, with flowing hair
And rosy cheeks, play here and there;
Where AGE, forgetful of its years,
Amidst Youths sprightly sports appears:
Perhaps you'll say that angry Fate
Has scatter'd ills o'er ev'ry state,
That, 'midst WEALTH's rising hoards, we find
Dark gath'ring *vapours* cloud the mind,—
That daily fancied woes increase,
And, from the bosom, banish peace:

These truths I own, but sure you'll grant
That many griefs are caus'd by WANT.
WANT often o'er the married life
Diffuses care, and gloom, and strife,
Till ev'ry flow'r, by HYMEN spread,
Chill'd by its icy touch, lies dead;
Till ev'ry pretty view is gone,
That 'midst LOVE's gilded prospects shone.

May you, who breathe the Zephyr's gale,
In H———'s hospitable vale,
Whose gentle bosom knows no care,
If LOVE have made no conquests *there*—
May you, who 'midst all plenty live,
'Midst ev'ry bliss this world can give,
Ne'er feel a woe to shade Life's hours—
To heave that tender breast of yours;
But still may JOY illume your eye,
Like the sweet light that gilds a vernal sky.

BLACKWELL, May, 1796.

TALES.

TALE I.

THE FIELD PREACHER.

——— Who strain'd celestial themes
Through the prest nostril, spectacle bestrid.

WILLIAM COWPER.

A *Methodist*, one day, with kindling ire,
Against the vices of the age declaim'd;
At ev'ry Toper's nose, that seem'd on fire,
The thunder of his rage he aim'd;
And, with an angry face, as red as gore,
The *flaming prominence* damn'd o'er and o'er!

Sighs from the crowd then flew as thick as hail,
And blubb'ring on all sides was heard around;
Ev'n bumper-tossing TOM was found
As any snowy statue pale;

With penitential eye, he seem'd to say,
"Alas! my soul will be old *Satan's* prey!"
The Preacher glow'd, indeed, from top to toe,
And savage were his looks and air;
Of souls he gave to heav'n but little share,
Sending whole cargoes to th' *infernal foe!*
Ev'n to the softer sex he was so rude,
That MOLL, with deep contrition, wept aloud,
And TABITHA, poor soul! (can I forget her?)
Fix'd like a statue, without motion,
Or like a culprit in a fetter,
(Such was the magic of the lecture,
With which the gaping crowd was cramm'd!)
Into her *pericranium* got a notion,
That she was 'mong the number of the damn'd;
Because, at times, she swigg'd the barley's nectar,
Though with the sinful practice she was snug—
And from exploring eyes still drank her mug.

When with his fiercest looks the Preacher frown'd,
And nought but sighs and groans were heard around,

Bold JACK, a weather-beaten tar,
With frontlet rough, with many a scar,
Frowning defiance at the blast!
Swore that the canting Man was mad—
Nay, said before his face, "You are a rogue—
"A raving hypocrite to run down grog,
"And well deserve a flogging at the mast—
"A hearty drubbing from each sailor-lad:
"Know, whining booby, that the clay,
"Which our terrestrial fabric forms,
"Unless well moisten'd ev'ry day,
"Will, like a lubber, shrink at storms.
"*Old Boy!* I see your knav'ry plain,
"I know your bottom is not good;
"From stem to stern you've not a vein
"That circulates a drop of honest blood!
"I care not for that wide-expanding wig,
"In which you look so grave and big;
"I value not a rush the glasses,
"Which bestride your Roman nose,
"In spite of you and them, I'll hail the lasses,
"And swig my grog, whatever weather blows."

When thus with honest ardour JACK had glow'd,
He left the crowd, and, jogging on his road,
The Preacher's house he spied,
Whose family had left it to the mice;
Embrown'd by sweat and dust he thither hied,
And reach'd the mansion in a trice,
In hopes to find a sailor's cheer—
Beef, bacon, grog, and beer;
But when he found the barracado'd door,
He curs'd th' unfeeling owner o'er and o'er;
And with his oaken cudgel made his way
To where a cellar's window let in day;
There, there a precious hoard he found—
Large casks of sparkling liquor pil'd around!

When he had made the nectar flow,
And all his soul was on a glow,
He pitied much the melancholy band,
Whom he left sobbing to the Preacher's rant;—
He thought a taste of grog would do them good—
Make their desponding hearts expand—

Would raise their drooping heads and cheer their
blood!
"Poor souls!" (said he), "they die of want."
So off he goes, a runlet on each shoulder:
And, when he reach'd the sighing crowd,
"Evo! my boys" (he cries in accents loud),
"By heav'n! your hulls shall never moulder,
"While there's a drop of grog to give them mois-
ture;
"Leave the *old lad*, let him and BOREAS boister;—
"And tell him plainly he's uncivil
"To send good Christian people to the Devil!"

JACK (in his hat's capacious crown)
Then dealt around the *precious boon*,
Till sprightly Mirth and Rapture's glow,
Like sunshine, sat on ev'ry brow;
And ev'n the *Preacher* made a pause—
Nay from the glasses freed his nose—
Tost off the terror-striking wig,
In which he long had looked so big;

And the *nectareous liquor* quaff'd,
Till he could hardly jog:
Then, with a voice both loud and clear,
He sung the praises of the *cheer*,
And vow'd to leave the canting craft,
In search of precious grog.

TALE II.

THE RELAPSE.

Old Hodge, who long in Vice's paths had run,
One night, poor wretch! as he lay sick in bed,
Said to his *rib*, "my dear, to-morrow's sun
"I fear will see me number'd 'mong the dead!
"Fetch, fetch the Doctor, much I want to hear,
"If he can make me breathe another year."

Soon Tabitha old Nostrum brought,
Who, with a pair of glasses on his nose,
Look'd at his patient's tongue and face, and thought
The Fellow's twinkling life was ne'er a close;—

Nay told him with a clear, prophetic tongue,
"My friend! *this night* your death-bell will be rung!"

While through the town the mournful story flew,
That HODGE, poor man! was on his death-bed lying,
While TABITHA and friends their last adieu,
Round him, with sympathizing breasts were sighing,
The Priest (old SPINTEXT) to his hut repairs
With those soul-healing pills—*a book of pray'rs.*

The Parson was deep read in sacred lore,
TIME had on him its characters impress;
A placid smile upon his phiz he wore,
That seem'd to say his bosom was at rest;
Still to a dying sinner he would hie,
Blest! if he heard the penitential sigh!

"Friend!" (cried the rev'rend man, when HODGE he view'd)
"Your sins are heavy as a pig of lead;
"In short, your life has been so vile and lewd,
"That much, ah much! your future state I dread;

But, as you seem in *penitential mood*,
Perhaps a pray'r or two might do you *good*.

On this the good man drawl'd a length of pray'r,
A *calm* upon the Sinner's visage sat,
Till near him fell in wrecks his *crok'ry ware*,
Tost from a shelf by TOM, his fav'rite cat;
HODGE, *swearing* then in anger's fiercest glow,
Siez'd SPINTEXT's wig with an *unhallow'd paw*,
And with it laid the *purring culprit* low.

TALE III.

THE DELIBERATE MOURNER.

WHEN HOB, as heav'n ordain'd, had lost his spouse—
His life's *sweet comforter* for many a year,
He could not, honest fellow! *force* a tear,
But what he thought might answer full as well,
With lengthen'd phiz, he gave a *hideous yell*,
That frighten'd ev'ry soul within the house!

Next morning, when his feeling neighbours came,
In hopes to make his *noisy* grief more tame,
And, by their counsels, do the mourner good,
And reconcile him to Affliction's rod,
They found him delving in his *hasty-pud**—
Pud rough with lumps, and solid as a sod!

"We're glad to see your stomach is so fierce,"
(With soft congratulating looks they spoke;)
"It shews your health has gained its former course,
"And that your honest heart is still unbroke!"

"Unbroke! (cried Hob), my sorrow is so loud,
"It rends my very bosom strings in twain;
"To roar, like hogs, at meals, it would be rude,
"But when I've supped my *gulls*† I'll *cry again.*"

* Contraction of hasty-pudding; made in Scotland, and in the Engliſh counties bordering on Scotland, of oatmeal and water boiled to a consistency.

† A cant name for hasty-pudding.

TALE IV.

THE PARSON AND THE KNIGHT.

An honest Priest, with thirty pounds a year,
Lov'd to the bottom of his soul *good cheer*;
But, ah! his purse could not defray the cost,
All it could reach was but weak beer at most:
Yet still he thought his situation neat—
Four easy furlongs from Sir Roger's seat,
Where 'midst care-killing bumpers he would sit,
And for Sir Roger's liquor give his wit;
Blest hour! when, from the venerable hall,
He heard the cheerful bell to dinner call;
'Twas then from heav'n's great work he called his thoughts,
Left vic'rage, bible, Tillotson, and notes;
And, from the hoary burden of *threescore*,
With vigour, toss'd twice fifteen years or more!

One day when he, with constitution stable,
Reach'd that *soul-cheering sight*—Sir Roger's table,

An ancient tankard, grav'd with curious art,
More than aught else engag'd his eye and heart;
For why? because it was of wond'rous size,
And fill'd with ale that sparkled to the eyes;
Two quarts its contents, measur'd by the gage,
Too much for man in this degen'rate age!
Carv'd on the bottom, bright in silver hue,
An Angel's figure glitter'd to the view.

The Parson ey'd the vessel o'er and o'er,
Pleas'd with the sweet-inviting smiles it wore;
Then calmly heav'd it to his head, to shew
His health was good—his *fabric* without *flaw*;
But when the glitt'ring vase had reach'd his chin,
And his eye sparkled on the *cheer* within,
"Pray whither bound?" (the good Sir ROGER said);
"A draught too copious may turn wrong your head—
"May wreck your senses on some fatal rock,
"And leave without a guide your Sunday flock."
"To *best* of *lands*" (replied the Priest) I'm bound—
The *terra sancta*, where an Angel's found;

And if I fall, a Martyr's fate is giv'n,
I fall, blest sight! within the *view* of *heav'n!*

The Knight, who was a man of *mickle** glee,
Pleas'd with this wit, admitted all its plea;
But ere the Parson his next visit paid,
Another vase was order'd to be made:
It like the other rais'd the Artist's fame,
The same its form, and ev'n its size the same,
And carv'd alike, save in the Angel's place
Frown'd the *grim Tempter* of the human race.
When fill'd with ale, alluring to the draught!
Close to the Parson's elbow it was brought,
He instant rear'd it; but, afraid to fall,
Took his firm stand against a neighb'ring wall,
Where his keen pulls, that made the bottom dry,
Laid bare th' *infernal figure* to the eye.
He gaz'd—he started—thought the Knight uncivil,
To change a smiling Angel for the Devil.

* Much.

" Well, friend!" (with laughing phiz, Sir ROGER cried),
" I hope the liquor's good that you have *tried.*"
The ale (the rev'rend Man replied) is such,
Our draughts may fetch too little—not too much;
So choice, indeed, that Man's *invidious foe,*
To seize the earthly nectar, lurk'd below;
Ah! then life would have been a cheerless waste,
I saw his aim—*so drank it up in haste.*

FABLES.

FABLE I.

THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

One Summer-night when all was still,
Except the sweetly murm'ring rill,
A Nightingale, perch'd on a spray,
Sung all the lonesome hours away;
The music of his plaintive notes
Rebounded from the neighb'ring grots,
And, in harmonious cadence, fell
On Melancholy's lonely cell;
Or to the Poet's raptur'd ear,
In all its mournful swell, was dear!

An Owl, offended at the strains,
Of each unwelcome note complains;
And, from the hollow of an oak,
Thus to the little Minstrel spoke:

" Why, noisy warbler! why obtrude
" Thy songs upon my solitude?
" Why on my nightly studies break,
" When philosophic truths I seek?
" Still should the singing tribe retire,
" Soon as the sun forsakes yon spire,
" And leave the hours of WISDOM free
" From all intrusive harmony."

" Ah, why!" (the Nightingale replied)
" Should harmless songs offend thy pride—
" Songs that still sooth the pensive breast,
" When Day's sweet Birds retire to rest.
" Poor, moping, solitary thing!
" What are the *fruits* thy musings bring?
" Do solemn looks and half-shut eye
" A philosophic mind imply?
" By ev'ry sweet, melodious bird,
" With dread alarm, thy voice is heard;
" And all thy fund of knowledge lies
" Hid from the search of common eyes."

FABLE II.

THE HORSE AND THE TIDE.

A HORSE, free from the curbing rein,
Was prancing o'er the verdant plain,
Just as the tide was spreading o'er
The herbage of the marshy shore;
O Impudence! its billows beat,
Close at the gen'rous creature's feet!
What could he do?—with kindled ire,
He bade the scoundrel Tide retire:
" Back to the main, *intruder!* go,
(He cried in Indignation's glow);
" Why threaten, with your rage, the vales
" Where gently blow the Ev'ning gales?
" Now when, from peaceful groves and dells,
" The sweetest vernal music swells;
" When mildly shines to ev'ry eye
" The azure of a cloudless sky;
" When yonder moon, from lamp serene,
" Throws placid light o'er ev'ry scene,

" You, like a furious maniac, rave,
" Tumultuous roar, dash wave on wave,
" Break thro' the firm opposing mound,
" And scatter desolation round:
" Leave, mad intruder! leave the plain,
" And hide your fury in the main!

" Why all this railing? (said the tide),
" You find me guilty ere I'm tried;
" Yon pale-fac'd moon, who glides so proud,
" Whose praises you have sounded loud,
" Who, with a a stream of *stolen* light,
" Gilds the blank bosom of the night,
" Who, with an aspect so demure,
" Looks on the Peasant's woodbine bow'r—
" That Moon, believe me, is the cause,
" The source from whence *the mischief* flows;
" On me she acts by latent force,
" And heaves my surges in their course:
" If she and storms would let me rest,
" Serene and calm would be my breast."

FABLE III.

THE BEES AND THE WASPS.

Two Bees one day, from neighb'ring hives,
Who had been cronies all their lives,
Together perch'd, in evil hour,
Upon a Rose's op'ning flow'r;
The *god of discord*, hov'ring nigh,
Observ'd them, with malignant eye,
And fill'd their little breasts with ire—
With fierce DISSENTION's deadly fire.
"Room! room! (cries one), pray give me room,
"You'll toss me from this fragrant bloom;
"This Rose I claim by prior right,
"To other flow'rs pray wing your flight;
"Is ev'ry gen'rous feeling dead,
"Or are you only badly bred?"

The other Bee with haste replied,
"Why all this insolence and pride?

" This Rose—this field of flow'rs,
" No prior right can e'er make yours;
" Before I'll leave my roseate seat,
" I'll drain it of each liquid sweet."

Some wasps who, from a spreading bough,
Had heard, with joy, the quarrel grow,
Exclaim'd, " Good neighbours, whence this fray?
" The case is just as clear as day,
" But we must part, see! yonder sky
" Foretells some rushing tempest nigh;
" If you'll to-morrow be at home
" (Our fee is but a bit of comb),
" With justice and distinction nice,
" Th' affair we'll settle in a trice."
The Bees agreed: they leave the Rose,
And in their fragrant hives repose;
Th' officious wasps, at morning-light,
On active pinions urge their flight;
They reach the hives, admission gain,
Much of their toilsome flight complain,

Then highly praise the snug retreat,
Think ev'ry cell uncommon neat;
They talk, they eat—the day declines,
The sun with faded lustre shines.
" To-morrow (said the Wasps) we'll trace
" The various windings of the case;
" But know that freely we must live,
" Your honey you must cheerful give;
" 'Twill add more vigour to the tongue,
" When it declaims on *right* and *wrong*."
The *honest* Wasps, from day to day,
Alleg'd new reasons for delay,
And constant with the Bees remain'd,
Till all the honey-cells were drain'd;
Then, from th' impoverish'd hives, they flew,
And bade their cred'lous friends adieu.

FABLE IV.

THE FOX AND THE ASS.

A PROWLING FOX, on Madam FLAVIA's ground,
Was forc'd to leave his tail within a trap;—
He vows revenge, though ev'ry Friend around
Begs him to bear with patience his mishap:
But all in vain; the passion in his breast
Burns with too hot a rage to be supprest.

One day he sees an Ass upon the road,
With shoulders gall'd by many a cruel load;
"Good Friend (says Reynard to the honest Ass),
How comes it that the world ne'er knows your *worth!*
O infamy! to carry pots and glass,
And be a very vagabond on earth!
And then to make a meal upon a whin*!
Ah! where's the wonder that you look so thin?

* Furze.

Observe the haughty Horse on yonder plain—
Yon parti-colour'd beast that's white and black,
He's fed with luscious grass, with hay and grain,
And carries *pretty Misses* on his back;
While yours the vilest load—ev'n brooms and mats,
Pots, dishes, spoons, old rags, and Beggar's brats!

Your modesty, believe me, *Master Ass*,
Has, from the public eye, conceal'd your merit;
Why, not a single creature that eats grass
Can boast so fine a shape—so bold a spirit!
Look at your feet,—what workmanship is *there!*
And when you move,—what majesty of air.

The way to gain distinction is quite clear,
See! yonder's Madam FLAVIA on her nag;
Go, cross her road—prick up each beauteous ear,
And fleetly scamper round her like a stag;
Then give her Ladyship your sweetest song—
I mean a bray that's musical and strong.

Pleas'd with these words, the long-ear'd creature hies,
And soon o'ertakes fair FLAVIA on the road,
Brays loud and long, and trots before her eyes,
Till the affrighten'd steed throws off his load;
Ah, then! the Ass, poor beast! was caught and tied,
And merciless cudgels laid across his hide!

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM I.

THE FEE.

JUST as grey-headed SCRUB had breath'd his last,
An honest Doctor of immortal fame,
With wisdom-speaking phiz, like GALEN's, came
To mend, if possible, his bellows' blast—
He came with all a *feeling Christian's* haste,
With sweat and dust incrusted to the nose,
To watch, with care, Life's taper in its waste,
And give the Wretch's body some repose.

But when, to his surprise, the Doctor found
The Fellow in his cabin dead,
And heavy as a lump of lead,
A hurricane of oaths he blew around,

That seem'd to shake the very dome;
Till lo! the virtue of a *fee*
Brought to his stormy breast a calm,
Like *placid oil**, thrown on an angry sea!

EPIGRAM II.

When Jack (a jovial toper) found,
With rapid pace, his health decline;
And when he heard his neighbours round
Impute it to his love of wine,
"I cannot take you for my guide,
"My sympathizing Friends," he cried,
"For should I bid the glass farewell,
"That o'er Life's pathway throws a charm,
"A troop of sorrows would rebel,
"And, ah! unnerve that very arm,

* The efficacy of oil, in stilling the waves of the sea, has been considered as a modern discovery; but it was known to the Ancients, and is particularly mentioned by Pliny.

" Which late with vigour tost it:
" You say that health is dear—why then,
" Amidst the haunts of merry men,
" I'll seek it where I lost it.

EPIGRAM III.

DICK on his wife could not bestow
One tear of Sorrow when she died;
Her *life* had made so many flow,
That all the briny fount was dried.

EPIGRAM IV.

WHEN DISTICH from his brother Poets stole
Scores of their lines, he swore he wrote them all;
But, woe to him! soon angry Critics prov'd
The tracks where his purloining pen had mov'd:
Vex'd at detection, and to cheat still prone,
He left their works and prowl'd among his own,

Burnish'd their pages, long ago in print,
And pass'd them as fresh issu'd from the mint:
The Writer's art now braves the Critic's lore,
For who e'er reads what DISTICH wrote before.

EPIGRAM V.

ONE day when PETER PUFF foretold,
With tongue prophetic, loud, and bold,
That All his MUSE's *brats* would live,
When in the grave his pulse was still;
Then (cries a Friend) haste make your will,
If, PETER, you have aught to give.

EPIGRAM VI.

MY Friend (cries PADDY) would you but impart
To me the mystery of the *swimming art*,
Each moment of my life would glibly run,
Swift as the finny race I'd glide,

Cleave, with extended arms, the tide,
And in the wat'ry region have such fun,
As *earthly bipeds* never had before!
But then, dear *honey!* you must know,
Lest in the water I should sink *too low*,
And my poor pulse should beat no more,
I do not mean to wet my feet,
Or bid my arms expand,
Till I have learnt the business quite complete
Upon the faithful basis of *dry land*.

EPIGRAM VII.

ON SEEING SOME SNOW FALL AND MELT
ON THE
BOSOM OF A YOUNG LADY.

When I beheld the fleecy snow
Melt on Amelia's breast,
I thought 'twas melted by Love's *glow*,
And that I'd soon be blest!

But, when I woo'd, ah! my mistake
In her averted looks appears;
I found the envious snowy flake
Had only wept away in tears;
Because the bosom of the Maid
Such pure, transcendent WHITE display'd.

EPIGRAM VIII.

WHEN we in *S——r's* life survey
The lustre that the Virtues give,
The purest breath of praise we pay—
Are blest, if he'll that boon receive.

But CENSURE through the town has rung,
That *S——r* ne'er forgives his foes;
Yes, it has said, with envious tongue,
That *there* his duties make a pause;
And this is true;— the world must know
That gen'rous *S——r* has no foe.

EPIGRAM IX.

On observing a Person of slow Comprehension
PORE OVER
THE ODES OF HORACE.

WHAT, HORACE! how dare you, friend BALBUS intrude
On the rich soil of Genius?— I think you are rude;
The fruit of APOLLO how dare you come nigh,
Lest in anger he shoot you, and hang you on high—
Ev'n make you a *scare-crow*, that Dunces may shun
The fields where his laurels expand to the sun.

EPIGRAM X.

Written in the Blank Leaf of a Quarto Volume
OF
DULL POEMS.

MÆVIUS (the Bard), born in a writing hour,
With pen unsheath'd, defies the Critic's pow'r;

The threat'ning rod he values not a pin,
Brass in his front, *stupidity* within:
Whip him with vigour, lash him o'er and o'er,
On his unwearied wheel he spins the more:
And, when his toil is finish'd, takes a nap
(Lull'd by his own sweet notes) in Dullness's lap:
Thus whirling tops, that catch the school-boy's eye,
Lash'd well with thongs, in quicker circles ply;
And, when the well-directed scourges cease,
In some dark, silent nook recline at peace.

ELEGIES.

——— Nihil hic nisi triste videbis. OVIDII TRIST.

ELEGY I.

THE SORROWS OF ROYALTY.

supposed to be written by

THE UNFORTUNATE LOUIS XVI.

The Night previous to his Execution.

'Tis night! and no echoes its silence invade,
Save what bear the tribute that SORROW has paid;—
'Tis night! yet its empire will soon pass away,
And hills, woods, and valleys luxuriate in day;
The morning will dawn—but what light can dispel
The shades of AFFLICTION, that hang o'er my cell?
The sun will disperse the cold dews of the grove,
But the dews of my sorrow what *sun* can remove?

The sweet, cheering *sun* of RELIGION will glow
With light, that ne'er sets on the depths of my woe;
Though Friends all prove faithless, and leave me to mourn,
The eye, wet with sorrow, to it I can turn;
Life's desert, though dreary and swept by the blast,
Though cover'd with darkness, will shortly be past;
And fields, fresh in verdure, and gilded with light,
Where BLISS is immortal, will dart on the sight.

Be still then, O bosom! and heave not a sigh,
The shades that surround me to-morrow will fly;
With souls torn with malice, though Ruffians be near,
The sweet voice of COMFORT still breathes on my ear;
Though foes have rent from me the altar and throne,
Still, still is the heart's silent pleasures my own;
The rude hand of Rapine or Force cannot tear
The blossoms that, nurtur'd by Virtue, blow there;
And, though not a trace of state-grandeur remain,
Yet still 'mid RELIGION'S sweet views I can reign—
Can catch, 'midst Affliction, a light that ne'er dies,
From the lamp of that hope that is sent from the skies.

Farewell, hapless Orphans! MARIE*, farewell!
A parting so short, let a sigh never tell;
While FORTUNE's rude billows beat cold on your breast,
O look to the shore where each billow shall rest—
The shore where the rose-buds of PLEASURE ne'er fade,
And the winter of SORROW ne'er scatters a shade!

ELEGY II.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN
BY
MARIE THERESA CHARLOTTE BOURBON,
SOON AFTER THE
TRAGICAL DEATH OF HER PARENTS.

GONE is the guardian-shade that screen'd
My infant-hours from ill;
The gentle bosom, where I lean'd—
That throbb'd with grief, is still!

* MARIE ANTOINETTE, Queen of France.

From spiry GRANDEUR's glitt'ring height,
I saw my Parents fall;
I saw my prospects set in night,
And horror shadow all!

Heav'n, if an Orphan's cause be thine,
O hear an Orphan's pray'r;
I seek not FORTUNE's gilded shrine,
To breathe my wishes there.

O let me be a Village-Maid
To wreathe my humble bow'rs,
While, o'er the mournful willow's shade,
Soft steal the evening-hours;—

To walk the dell, when Cynthia's beams
Gild it with colours pale;
To hear the noise of plaintive streams
Die on the Zephyr's gale.

And though the pomp that STATION gave
On me no longer glows,

O may I from the ruins save
A Friend to tell my woes!

Soft may the weſtern breezes blow
Upon my earthly bed;—
Sweet vernal suns upon it glow,
And Shepherds' tears be shed!

ELEGY III.

TO THE
*MEMORY OF THE REV. JOSIAH RELPH**

I ASK'D of a Shepherd who press'd
A bank where the primroses blow,
Whose cares had not sadden'd his breast,
Though AGE had indented his brow—

I ask'd him to shew me the seat,
The arbour where CORYDON play'd,

* Some account of this sweet Pastoral Poet is given in Note XII. at the end of the book.

Whose warblings so sweetly did meet
The chorus that came from the glade.

" That arbour" (he said with a sigh)
" With chaplets *of Sorrow* is crown'd,
" Since the pipe, that bade *Rapture* be nigh,
" No more spreads the magic of sound!

" Can the sun, when it crimsons the hill,
" Or gilds, with rich lustre, the lawn—
" Can the soft-soothing voice of the rill
" Delight when our CORYDON's gone!

" Beneath yon rude thorn he repos'd,
" When SPRING had enamell'd each scene;
" When SUMMER, in splendour, had clos'd,
" And AUTUMN had mellow'd the green.

" In Winter so wild and so drear,
" In woodlands depriv'd of their shade,
" He roam'd 'mid the waste of the year,
" And mourn'd o'er each flow'ret decay'd!

" Where dew-dropping willows complain
" To streamlets that wander beneath,
" The ECHOES repeated his strain,
" While the MUSES were twining his wreath.

" The first time he breath'd on his reed,
" And gave its wild notes to the wind,
" The Swains of the valley decreed
" A garland—the type of his mind.

" The pink and the lily were there—
" The laurel (the emblem of fame)—
" The rose that can vie with the FAIR,
" But, in *blushes*, renounces its claim.

" Still sacred to GRIEF be the bow'rs
" That rise on the verge of yon grove,
" Where INNOCENCE gathers her flow'rs,
" To weave the fond garlands of LOVE:

" *There* CORYDON's health did decline,
" Like lilies that droop in the dale;

" *There* SORROW did sprinkle his shrine,
" Like dew that descends on the vale!

" What bosom refuses to mourn,
" Beside the green leaf of his yew?
" He gave us a lesson* to learn,
" As, dying, he bade us adieu!

" Sunk in shade lies the pride of the grove,
" When the beam fades at eve on yon height;
" But we saw all his virtues improve,
" When the ray of his life set in night.

" REMEMBRANCE shall dwell on his lay,
" That chas'd every woe but DESPAIR;
" That sooth'd, at the fall of the day,
" So sweetly the vigils of CARE.

* Mr. RELPH died with the greatest composure, giving instructions to his Pupils for the future regulation of their lives.

"On the breast of yon stream*, as it flows,
"Shall the tribute of *sorrow* be shed;
"While the yew drops the dews from its boughs,
"To impearl the green turf of his bed!"

The Shepherd then rose on his crook,
As the shades of the Ev'ning were near:
In silence he paus'd on a brook,
And I bade him farewell with a tear!

ELEGY IV.

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS, THE SCOTTISH BARD.

HEARD you the sigh of SORROW breathe,
Where yonder ancient hawthorn grows?
Saw you the cypress's mournful wreath,
Where AYR*, in bright meanders, flows?

* A favourite fountain, near which he used to pass many of his summer evenings.

† A river in Ayrshire, the native county of BURNS.

That *sigh* was pour'd o'er COLIN's grave,
Whose artless reed so sweetly play'd;
And Shepherds bade that *garland* wave,
Where COLIN with the Muses stray'd.

No more the voice of rural MIRTH
Is heard, at eve, in wood or dale;
No more, to cheer the Peasant's hearth,
Goes round the sprightly song or tale.

And still shall gentle COLIN's name,
In Mem'ry's fond regard, be dear;
Still shall departed Genius claim
Those sacred rites—a sigh, a tear!

To him the magic tones were known
That from the chords of MUSIC dart;
The human breast he made his own,
By pow'rs that scorn'd the aid of art.

Sweet NATURE's child, he lov'd to taste
The simple pleasures NATURE yields;

Oft view'd the wildness of the waste,
And oft the grandeur of the fields!

Amidst the music floating round,
From vocal dell and murm'ring stream,
He oft in yonder vale was found,
Rapt in some sweet poetic dream!

Oft would he 'mid the wild wood view
Soft Ev'ning's shades steal o'er the rose;
Oft would he, while the Zephyr's blew,
Upon a bed of flow'rs repose.

Health then its glowing colours spread,
And Temp'rance nerv'd his mental pow'rs;
While many a guiltless moment shed
Its sunshine o'er his silent bow'rs!

He watch'd his flocks, when morning-light,
With liquid pearls, illum'd each spray;
He wander'd home, when yonder height
Was colour'd with departing day.

'Mid joys like these he lov'd to live,
Obscurely safe in humble fame;
And great! if song and virtue give
A grandeur to a Shepherd's name!

But soon a gather'd cloud o'ercast
A scene of bliss so mildly pure;
Near him ILLUSIVE PLEASURE* past,
And lur'd him from his peaceful bow'r.

Ah! then, to themes of rural praise,
No more his magic lyre was strung;
INTEMP'RANCE, o'er his sum of days,
The shade of many a mis'ry flung!

But in the grave, where rests his head,
In peace may COLIN's frailties lie;
And may his tale, by Shepherds read,
From ev'ry bosom draw a sigh!

* See Note (XX.)

ELEGY V.

THE FAIR MANIAC.

THY wand'rings, hapless Maid*! are past,
Beneath the hawthorn rests thy head;
Cold o'er thee blows the Winter's blast—
Cold sits the dew upon thy bed!

Thy breast, where EDWARD's image dwelt,
With struggling passions heaves no more;
No more the *Guardian's* frowns are felt,
That long thy bosom rudely tore!

Embosom'd in the greenwood-ſhade,
Fair rose thy *Shepherd's* sylvan bow'rs;
Sweet on them vernal sunbeams play'd—
Sweet, round them blush'd the springing flow'rs!

* See Note (XXI.)

And though his fleecy flocks were few,
Large were the treasures of his mind;
To HONOUR still his heart beat true,
Though FORTUNE was to him unkind.

Love in his gentle breast was found,
Pure as the blossom on the tree;
Oft village-whispers circled round,
How dear his virtues were to thee.

But what avails a love so pure,
If venal foes against it rise?
If ruffian-force insult the flow'r,
And rudely rend its silken ties!

Ah! what avails that BEAUTY seems
A flow'ret of transcendent dies?
If, o'er that flow'ret's purple beams,
The shadowy form of sorrow flies!

Thy charms, fair Maid, resistless blaz'd,
Illum'd by VIRTUE's ray divine;

In artless songs the Shepherds prais'd
That sweet and magic air of thine.

But human praise is only breath,
That fans too oft an idle flame;
The knell, that told thy EDWARD's death,
Shook to its base thy tender frame!

Ah yes! thy frame of softest mould
Was shaken by the shock severe;
Thy *tale of sorrow*, simply told,
Ask'd from COMPASSION's eye the tear.

A Friend thou hadst in ev'ry breast,
That e'er the touch of pity felt;
Each Shepherd on his crook would rest,
And o'er thy tragic story melt.

And though to thee life seem'd a waste,
By tempests swept and dimm'd with shade;
Yet MEM'RY oft recall'd the *past*,
And 'mid reflected pleasures stray'd.

Oft, oft a world of guiltless love
Would rise to Fancy's raptur'd eye;
Where, with thy EDWARD, thou would'st rove,
Beneath a visionary sky.

No shadows o'er its landscape hung,
No Guardian chas'd the ideal joy;
The sparkling eye, the placid tongue
Bespoke a bliss without alloy.

Oft, then, a soft and mellow'd glare,
From BEAUTY's orb, glanc'd o'er thy face;
And, o'er the ruins scatter'd there,
Shed a sweet melancholy grace.

Thus, when no longer SUMMER throws,
O'er verdant vales, a dazzling ray,
On some lone woodland's faded rose
Mild AUTUMN's coruscations play.

But soon the bright *Enchantress* fled,
Who brought departed joys to view;

A fresh thy wounded bosom bled—
Again to pleasure heav'd adieu!

Thou then wouldst tear the roseate wreath,
That grac'd, in happier hours, thy brow;
And o'er its scatter'd blossoms breathe,
With languid voice, thy *tale of woe!*

But now thy griefs, fair Maid, are past,
Beneath the hawthorn rests thy head;
Cold o'er thee blows the Winter's blast,
Cold sits the dew upon thy bed!

EPITAPHS.

EPITAPH I.

INSCRIBED ON A STONE
IN
HOLM-CULTRAM CHURCH-YARD.

THOUGH o'er this couple, here consign'd to dust,
We mark no blaz'ning pomp, no sculptur'd bust;
Yet artless tears, by warm AFFECTION shed,
Shall fall, unbrib'd, upon their earthy bed;
For Virtue threw her radiant wreath of fame—
Her richest honours, round their humble name.

EPITAPH II.

ON A YOUTH OF SIXTEEN,

who was unfortunately killed
BY THE ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE OF A GUN.

FAREWELL, lamented Youth! thy fate severe
Still from AFFECTION's eye shall call the tear!
Though few thy days, yet o'er thy earliest hours
We saw fair VIRTUE spread her vernal flow'rs,
Which now, untouch'd by SORROW's Winter, bloom,
Blest with eternal Spring, beyond the tomb!

EPITAPH III.

INSCRIBED ON A MURAL MONUMENT,*

IN MEMORY OF
THE AUTHOR'S PARENTS.

BY this lov'd pair, whom long experience taught
The value of that bliss which VIRTUE brought,

* Erected, in 1795, by the Reverend JOSEPH SANDERSON, of Tunbridge, their sixth son.

No praise was claim'd but what the bosom gave,
No meed was sought but that beyond the grave:
Unsullied fame, Religion's sacred ray
Still marked the progress of their earthly day.

Hence at that hour when life awaits its close,
With all the Christian's faith their hopes arose,
To gain the crown which heav'n alone can give—
That sacred palm which bade their virtues live!

EPITAPH IV.

INSCRIBED ON A MONUMENT,*

IN MEMORY OF

A FAMILY WHO DIED AT VARIOUS AGES.

Content with Virtue's peace, with Virtue's praise,
In Life's low vale they pass'd their silent days.
Theirs were those hopes that chear Affliction's gloom;
Theirs were those views that reach beyond the tomb.

* Erected, in 1800, by a Gentleman in London, a near relative of the family to whose memory it is inscribed.

Reader! if on the staff of AGE thou lean,
Here learn what makes its evening-hours serene;
If YOUTH's gay spring be thine, this stone will shew
How soon its rising flow'rets cease to blow!
Then go, and let thy transient days be giv'n
To duties claim'd by virtue and by heav'n.

EPITAPH V.

ON A GENTLEWOMAN,
WHO DIED AT AN ADVANCED AGE.

HER lively faith, in Life's last moments, gave
That steady courage that could view the grave
As a calm port, where human woes find rest,
And ev'ry anxious care that moves the breast!

In one bright, finish'd piece we saw her blend
The duties of a Mother, Wife, and Friend;
Amidst Life's chequer'd scenes beheld her prize
The sacred hopes that from Religion rise—

That live, when all terrestrial joys decay,
In Sorrow's shade, in Age's setting day!

EPITAPH VI.

ON ROBERT BURNS,
THE SCOTTISH POET.

Sweet Bard, farewell! who, true to Nature, brought
Each rural grace to an immortal draught,
In which the Hamlet's artless manners live,
Amidst the laurels that the Muses give.

EPITAPH VII.

ON A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.*

BLEST spirit! 'midst Heav'n's smile, and crown'd with palm,
You, like a wearied Pilgrim, rest at home,
Who sixty years around your parish trod
To lead your flock to happiness and God!
Yours were those joys that in the bosom live—
Yours was that fame that mitres cannot give;
For each successive day, devoid of blame,
Led to your highest pride—a virtuous name!

At church you taught your audience to despise
The gilded toys that lure *Ambition's* eyes;
Taught ev'ry wand'ring thought to wind its course,
In Virtue's channel, silent though in force;

* This exemplary Clergyman died at an extreme old age, having spent above half a century in an unremitting attention to his professional duties.

Taught ev'ry passion, ev'ry wish to know
The bounds where centres human bliss below.
Still to a dying Brother you would bring
Those living hopes that from Religion spring,—
That, when pale trembles Life's departing ray,
Pour on the sinking soul celestial day!

EPITAPH VIII.

ON A PHYSICIAN,

DISTINGUISHED

FOR HIS GENIUS AND ECCENTRICITY,

Who died at CARLISLE a few years ago; and who (agreeably to an Injunction imposed upon his Friends) was buried, at Midnight, in the Centre of a Wood, having the place of his Interment fenced with Iron Pallisadoes, and planted with different species of Evergreen.

BENEATH the covert of this spreading shade,
A master of the *healing art* is laid;
Whose death was notic'd by no passing-bell;
No dirge was chaunted o'er his earthly cell;

No train was hir'd, in fun'ral pomp, to shew
A mimic scene of artificial woe.

O may the Bigot's gloomy censure spare
His lonely grave, unhallow'd with a pray'r!
And learn that VIRTUE, wheresoever found,
In woods—in churches—*consecrates the ground.*

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

TO LADY ANNE FITZROY,

On her Arrival in England from Quimper Prison, in France, where she had been confined during the tyranny of ROBESPIERRE.

WELCOME, fair Wand'rer! to BRITANNIA'S shore,
Where FREEDOM in her native spirit lives!
And to aspiring minds that vigour gives,
Which ROME'S proud name to distant ages bore.

Remov'd from Fortune's adventitious glare,
Thy soul its highest dignity assum'd;
And, bright in native majesty, illum'd
The softer wreaths that deck the *British Fair.*

'Twas thine to sooth, in FRIENDSHIP's * sacred guise,
The Captive's hours, while thy own sorrows fell;
'Twas thine to bid some gleams of comfort rise,
Amidst the shadowy horrors of his cell!
To shew that VIRTUE, on AFFLICTION's night,
Can, from her hallow'd lamp, diffuse a cheering light!

SONNET II.

TO THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE.

WHILE, with insulting view, wild FACTION's hordes
Point to the spots around thy radiant fame,
The MUSE, more gen'rous to thy honour'd name,
In Glory's page thy civil toils records,

* This benevolent Lady is said to have paid the most compassionate attention to the distresses of her fellow-prisoners, and to have given them every alleviation which circumstances would permit.

O! 'mid the shades*, that thy own laurels give,
May no unhallow'd foot presume to tread,
But free-born Youths, by BRITAIN'S GENIUS led,
Catch, from thy patriot-breath, the fires that live!

The pageant systems, rais'd on Folly's base,
Illum'd by Speculation's faithless ray,
Before thy brilliant genius fade away,
Like meteor-lights before the solar pow'r;
While FREEDOM twines a deathless wreath to grace
The closing triumphs of thy ev'ning-hour!

* When this sonnet was written, Mr. BURKE had retired from public life, and was living at Beaconsfield, covered with the blushing honours of his country.

SONNET III.

WRITTEN AT SEBERGHAM,
IN
THE SPRING OF 1793.

STILL radiant SPRING, with partial bounty, spreads
O'er thee, sweet NATIVE VALE! her choicest flow'rs;—
Still pays her earliest visit to thy bow'rs,
And, with her brightest dews, impearls thy meads.

Soft, in thy glades, my infant moments flew,
When on my joys ne'er stole the shades of CARE;
When Fancy on them flung a magic hue,
And round me scatter'd many a vision fair!

But sorrow now has shaded ev'ry wreath,
That in the hours of sweet delight I twin'd!
Beside some mu'm'ring stream I lie reclin'd,
And round me hear the plaintive Zephyr's breathe;
Or in some dell, o'erhung with ev'ning-dews,
I listen to the warblings of the pensive Muse.

SONNET IV.

TO A FAVOURITE FOUNTAIN.

SOFT o'er the landscape blow the evening-gales,
Involv'd in gath'ring gloom, the forest spreads
Its dusky horrors o'er the neighb'ring meads,
While many a liquid pearl adorns the vales.

Bright FOUNT! when, 'mid the solitary glades,
Thy pure stream trembles to the lunar rays,
Like some lone, stricken deer, I seek the shades,
Deep wounded by the thorns in Life's deceitful maze!

No more I bid gay vernal chaplets bloom,
In rival beauty, round my STELLA's brow;
Moving on slower wing, the hours assume
A kindred gloom that suits my present woe:
Hence, gentle FOUNT! I love to linger near
Thy sweet-complaining streams, that sooth the pensive ear!

SONNET V.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHERE a sequester'd valley's bosom spreads,
In dewy lustre, to the lunar beams;
Where a brown forest's shades o'erhangs the dell,
Amidst whose sedgy wilds the *Hether** streams;
And where, with silent footsteps, sorrow leads
Her pensive train, I long have bid farewell
To joys that strew Youth's shining paths with flow'rs—
Too gay to form a wreath for sob'rer hours!

Here, PHILOMELA, from thy fav'rite tree†,
O let me hear thy sweetly-mournful lay;
What time the wan moon shoots a trembling ray,
Thou still shalt find a faithful friend in me;
Whose breast, where LAURA's‡ tender image lives,
Will open to the melody thy *sorrow* gives.

* A small river which winds along a deep dell, near which BURNSIDE (the Author's place of residence) is situated.

† The Hawthorn. ‡ A young Lady, lately deceased.

SONNET VI.

TO THE REDBREAST.

WRITTEN NEAR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Sweet Bird! if some in Pleasure's walks inquire,
Why our faint notes, on plaintive breezes, die?
O let them to yon wither'd glade retire,
And mark the fallen leaves that round it lie.

For there, 'midst Winter's mournful wrecks, are found
The bow'ry shade, where late, on Zephyr's wing,
Our songs, at ev'ning-hours, soft, circling round,
Responded to the breathing choir of spring.

Poor Bird! like houseless Minstrels let us seek
Yon distant light that trembles through the grove,
Perhaps some lonely Woodman there has wove
A bow'r to screen him from the tempest bleak,
And there, perhaps, untouch'd by Winter's hand,
A few fair flow'rs of *vernal joy* expand!

SONGS.

SONG I.

HASTE, PEACE, and bring my JEMMY home,
The pride of all our valley;
O let my Swain no longer roam
From his true-hearted SALLY!

Then will each bliss of life be mine,
I'll form a bow'r
Of ev'ry flow'r,
Where ev'ning suns may sweetly shine!

Yon wounded tree that wears his name,
The dew upon the blossom,
Are witness to the faithful flame
That burns within my bosom.

Though distant from my gentle Swain,
In vale or grove,
Where'er I rove,
Still shall his pleasing image reign.

Why did the cruel hand of WAR
Break our soft ties asunder!
Why did Ambition bid him dare
The cannon's awful thunder!

His gentle virtues would have blown,
Like vernal flow'rs,
In rural bow'rs,
And made Life's silent joys his own!

Then, PEACE, O bring my JEMMY home,
The pride of all our valley;
O let my Swain no longer roam
From his true-hearted SALLY.

Thus sung the Maid; but little knew,
That o'er his grave,
Mourn'd by the brave,
Cold Eve had long distill'd its dew!

SONG II.

THE WINE SPARKLES BONNY, &c.

Ah! why should a care or a sorrow
On the blossoms of youth ever prey?
And why should a thought of to-morrow
Disturb the sweet joys of to-day?
The Wine sparkles bonny, O fill up the glasses,
And, as they go round, let us think of the Lasses.

Here's health to my Nancy, whose beauties can vie
With the brightest and fairest of roses that blow;
The stream of soft light, that is roll'd from her eye,
Can melt, like a sunbeam, a bosom of snow.

The Wine sparkles bonny, O fill up the glasses,
And, as they go round, let us think of the Lasses.

Here's health to fair JANE; in my best *Sunday coat*,
To her window I went, when the village was still;
She rose with a smile, and said, "Thomas, I thought
"You had left me this night for the Lass of the mill."
The Wine sparkles bonny, O fill up the glasses,
And, as they go round, let us think of the Lasses.

Here's health to MATILDA; O where can we find
A *Lassie* more gentle, more lively and true;
Last night I was with her, and she was so kind,
That I mark'd not (believe me) old TIME as he flew.
The Wine sparkles bonny, O fill up the glasses,
And, as they go round, let us think of the Lasses.

Here's health to MARIA, a flow'ret so fair
Ne'er bloom'd in the valley, nor blush'd in the grove;

Can Life's flying moments be shaded with care,
When on them beam sweetly the smiles of her love?
The Wine sparkles bonny, O fill up the glasses,
And, as they go round, let us think of the Lasses.

Here's health to ELIZA, with bosom all pure,
With charms all resistless, unaided by art;
How blest should I be, if her *pity* would cure
The wounds which her beauty has made on my heart.
The Wine sparkles bonny, O fill up the glasses,
And, as they go round, let us think of the Lasses.

In Life's lowly valley, O then let us turn
From the thistles of sorrow, that rise but to wound—
Let us turn to those roses, the Lasses, and learn
That *love*, smiling love, makes the moments glide round.
The Wine sparkles bonny, O fill up the glasses,
And, as they go round, let us think of the Lasses.

For why should a care or a sorrow
On the blossoms of youth ever prey?
And why should a thought of to-morrow
Disturb the sweet joys of to-day?
The Wine sparkles bonny, O fill up the glasses,
And, as they go round, let us think of the Lasses.

SONG III.

COME FILL THE GLASS AGAIN.

If, Landlord, any should inquire
Why merry songs go round,
Pray, tell them that, with souls on fire,
Here jovial blades are found:
And, that such happiness may reign,
Come, fill the glass again.

Within a joyous circle here,
Gay Youth with rapture beats;

And, through a bright and blooming year,
Lives on *nectareous sweets*:
And, that such happiness may reign,
Come, fill the glass again.

Ev'n AGE here lays his burthen down,
And smooths his furrow'd brow;
And here dame FORTUNE dare not frown,
While streams of *nectar* flow:
And, that such happiness may reign,
Come, fill the glass again.

Still, when the gloomy sons of CARE
Sigh round a world of woe,
To *sunny climates* we repair,
With spirits in full glow:
And, that such happiness may reign,
Come, fill the glass again.

When Misers count their bags of gold,
With breasts that throb with fear,

We bid the bud of joy unfold,
And shed its sweetness here!
And, that such happiness may reign,
Come, fill the glass again.

When factious men, with sullen soul,
Complain of taxes high,
We shew the liquor in our bowl,
That tells them that they lie:
And, that such happiness may reign,
Come, fill the glass again.

Haste, drink about,—be merry all,
Time flies on rapid wing;
To-morrow all our joys may fall;
This moment is our Spring:
And, that such happiness may reign,
Come, fill the glass again.

If dark and stormy be the night,
We'll drink till peep of day;

Till MORNING, with her roseate light,
Conduct us on our way:
And, that such happiness may reign,
Come, fill the glass again.

Those hours will smile in brighter hue,
Whose wings are dipt in wine;
As roses, when they sip the dew,
In sweeter lustre shine:
And, that such happiness may reign,
Come, fill the glass again.

What though, ev'n now, the midnight-bell
Its parting signal tolls,
We cannot—cannot bid farewell,
While liquor round us rolls:
And, that such happiness may reign,
Come, fill the glass again.

SONG IV.

THE WITHERED ROSE,

PRESENTED

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Sweet Rose! in May's triumphant hour,
We saw thy blossoms gem the mead;
And, op'ning to the vernal show'r,
We saw thy radiant bosom spread.

Each flow'ret of the osier'd vale
Diffus'd its rival sweets around;
And the soft Zephyr's pausing gale,
On balmy wing, stole o'er the ground.

And though thy fragrant leaves no more
Gay in a summer-garland blend;
Yet honours, brighter than before,
Shall on thy closing hours attend.

To LAURA's breast a lover gives,
In fallen pride, thy faded hues;
While yet thy bloom, in mem'ry, lives,
Sweet, blushing 'mid the morning-dews!

Yes, thou shalt mount that *throne* so fair,
And 'midst the softest sunshine reign;
Shalt all the *calm* of SUMMER share,
Though WINTER's storms usurp the plain.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

Blest with his Chloe, &c.] This alludes to the happiness which arises during the progress of a virtuous and successful courtship; and not to that licentious and illicit love, which, in all ranks of life, is uniformly followed by infamy and wretchedness.

NOTE II.

THE HARVEST-HOME.

This rural festivity is of great antiquity; it was celebrated in the earliest periods of the Roman Empire:

Agricolæ prisci fortes, parvoque beati
Condita post frumenta levantes tempore festo
Corpus et ipsum animum.———

HOR.

In Cumberland, and some of the adjoining counties, it is called a *churn*, from the cream which is taken from the vessel of that name, and given to the guests as a part of their fare. The village-minstrel generally attends; and, by the simplicity of his music, animates the old as well as the young to the dance. The festival concludes with songs sung in the same artless manner in which they are written.

NOTE III.

LORD LONSDALE'S CAMPAIGN.

The historians, who have noticed this *bloodless campaign*, relate that the Earl and the Bishop did not leave the field till they were deserted by their men, and in danger of being taken prisoners. This may be true; but what has truth to do with poetry? I have told the story in a manner that leaves most honour with my countrymen.

NOTE IV.

The Mitred Warrior fled.] Literary people are said to be deficient in active and personal courage; but if we advert to facts, by which a point of this nature can only be determined, we shall find little or no foundation for such an imputation. It is true that CICERO *hid himself* during some commotions at Rome; it is true that HORACE, at the battle of Philippi, being seized with a *tremor*, precipitantly fled, having, according to his own account, left his shield in the field:

——— *Celerem, fugam*
Sensi, relicta non bene parmula.

As he makes no mention of his sword, it is to be presumed that, like the Bishop's, it dangled at his side.—And, to come to more modern times, it is true that DRYDEN submitted to be *cudgelled*, and that Dean SWIFT would have met with the same fate from the staff of an angry Lawyer, if he had not embodied *his whole parish* in his defence. But, on the other hand, it

ought to be recollected, that XENOPHON and CÆSAR were great literary as well as military characters; that the famous King ALFRED was both an author and a soldier, could write books and drub his enemies; and that Queen ELIZABETH, whom ROGER ASCHAM considered as one of the most learned persons of the age, was a celebrated *boxer*, and would frequently *pommel* her courtiers and domestics into due submission.

The annals of modern times also furnish instances of the *heroic courage* of literary men. The late Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON (about whom so much has been written and said) actually knocked down, in the early part of his literary life, an athletic bookseller who had dared to insult him; and this *atchievement* he performed with no better *bludgeon* than an old, musty folio that laid at his elbow. The same learned gentleman has also frequently silenced a whole host of disputants by the *argumentum baculi*, when the unsubstantial arguments, composed of wind and voise, produced no effect. And it is well known that, at the Shrewsbury assizes, about three or four years ago, a certain Learned and Right Reverend Gentleman was indicted for not imposing a sufficient check upon his impetuous, headstrong valour, which would have demolished a refractory Deputy-Register, if it had not been softened by the tears and supplications of his Lady and two other weeping females. Rome, in the same manner, was saved from destruction by a deputation of Roman matrons, when that rough, choleric soldier CORIOLANUS, at the head of an army, threatened it with destruction.

These and many more instances will be sufficient to convince every unprejudiced person of the *prowess* of Men of Letters: the facts stand upon record, and cannot be controverted.

NOTE V.

Can give at most but an uncertain day.] The Heathen Philosophers rather hoped than believed in a future state of existence. CICERO expresses his opinion upon it, in this uncertain manner: *Me vero delectat deinde etiam si non sit, mihi tamen* PERSUADERI VELIM.

NOTE VI.

Here, MURRAY! *here thine image oft would steal.*] "His treatment of the Queen (says ROBERTSON), to whose bounty he was so much indebted, was unbrotherly and ungrateful." This censure, which is all that justice was able to extort from the religious prejudices of our elegant Historian, is too mild for a man who had covered the days of a lovely sister with misery, and was the principal instrument in her degradation and ruin. His ambition was boundless; and as his views opened and power increased, his heart, which seems never to have been touched by any honourable sentiment, became more corrupt; and when he betrayed his Sovereign, and usurped the regal power, must have been in the last stage of depravity.

NOTE VII.

Then would thy setting hours have been serene.] "ELIZABETH (says HUME) fell into a profound me-

lancholy, which all the advantages of her high fortune, all the glories of her prosperous reign, were unable, in any degree, to alleviate or assuage." This depression of mind has been attributed, by Historians, to different causes, as if the retrospect of a life, blackened with murder, could not have occasioned it!

NOTE VIII.

And LOVE'S *gay smiles prevail'd at grave threescore.*] Queen ELIZABETH, at the age of threescore, fell in love with the Earl of ESSEX, an accomplished Nobleman, in the hey-day of his blood!

NOTE IX.

Have heard thy TICKELL'S *magic song.*] THOMAS TICKELL was born in 1686, at Bridekirk, in Cumberland, and died at Bath in 1740. His elegy on the death of his friend ADDISON is, in the opinion of Dr. JOHNSON, the best funeral poem in the English language: and, according to the same great Critic, his translation of the first book of HOMER is, in some lines, superior to POPE'S.

NOTE X.

DALTON *was thine! who in the* MUSE'S *lays.*] JOHN DALTON was born in 1709, at Dean, in Cumberland; was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, where he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and became Tutor to the Lord BEAUCHAMP. He died in 1763, at Worcester, where he was Prebendary.

Dr. DALTON was a man of learning and genius. He did not write much; but what pieces he wrote are excellent in their kind. He is the author of a beautiful, descriptive poem, addressed to two Ladies on their visiting the coal-mines at Whitehaven; and wrote some other verses descriptive of the vale of Keswick and its neighbourhood. He adapted, in 1750, MILTON's "*Masque of Comus*" to the stage, when it was represented, at Drury-lane Theatre, for the benefit of ELIZABETH FOSTER, MILTON's Grand-daughter, who was then struggling with old age and poverty. The sum raised upon the occasion did not amount to more than 130*l.* of which Dr. NEWTON, and TONSON the Bookseller, contributed a considerable part. The prologue, which was well calculated to excite veneration for MILTON, and compassion for his Grand-daughter, was spoken by GARRICK, and written by Dr. JOHNSON; who also, about the same time, and to promote the same benevolent purpose, wrote an admirable Address in LAUDER's Essay on MILTON, from which some writers have inferred, particularly the author of the "Memoirs of THOMAS HOLLIS, Esq." that he assisted LAUDER in his infamous attempt to pluck the laurels from the brow of MILTON. There is nothing, however, in LAUDER's book, either in its style or execution, on which a charge of this nature can possibly be grounded: in every page it discovers folly and weakness, much malignity, and little penetration; and its forgeries are so glaring, that it requires but common reading and common observation to detect them.

Dr. JOHNSON has, indeed (in his life of MILTON) animadverted with a severity peculiar to his pen, on the political opinions of that great Poet—opinions which his warmest admirers will find it difficult to defend. His *republicanism*, the virulence of which neither old age nor calamity were able to diminish, seems to have been composed of nearly the same principles which make up the jacobinism of the present day: it was a compound of pride, selfishness, and malignity; and was equally an enemy to public order and to private happiness: where it had power, it oppressed; and where it had none, it was factious. If we may judge from his political writings, he thought nothing more was required to be a patriot than to hate Kings and legal establishments, and to talk to the mob of rights, privileges, and stipulations. He was an advocate for liberty, in almost the absolute sense of the word, yet never attempted to give the happiness which he had connected with it to his own Wife and Daughters, who, from the ties of nature and affection, had certainly the first claims upon it. "He thought women (says his learned Biographer) made for obedience, and man for rebellion." In this respect only has Dr. JOHNSON condemned this great man. In the most masterly criticism that is to be found in any language, he has assigned to the "Paradise Lost" its due honours—"a work which (he says in his preface to LAUDER's book) may, possibly, be read when every other monument of British grandeur shall be obliterated!"

NOTE XI.

The past'ral Bard of CAUDA'S *vale was found.*] JOSIAH RELPH, a sweet pastoral Poet, was born, in 1719, at Sebergham Church-Town, a beautiful village, near Carlisle, on the banks of the river CAUDA. He received a part of his education at the School at Appleby, under RICHARD YATES, M. A. one of the best School-masters of the age; who was also the Tutor of PATTISON, a man remarkable for his talents and his misfortunes, who, about the year 1730, published a Miscellany of Poems, and not long after died, in the prime of life, literally of hunger; a circumstance transiently mentioned by RICHARD SAVAGE in his "Author to be Let."

At the age of 15, RELPH removed from Appleby School to Glasgow University, where education is cheap, and where as much learning may, with common abilities and common application, be acquired as is sufficient for the common purposes of life. At the canonical age he entered into orders, and was presented, by the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle, with the living of of Sebergham, at that time worth no more than 30*l.* a year, which, with the salary of the village School that he taught, made him as happy as, and somewhat richer than, the contented Country Clergyman described in GOLDSMITH'S "Deserted Village." He never once expressed a wish to rise to greater opulence or more distinction; his great concern was to improve, by good

precepts and an exemplary life, the piety and virtue of his parishioners. He died, of a hectic complaint, in 1743. A neat mural monument, with a Latin inscription, was, in 1794, erected to his memory, by the Rev. JONATHAN BOUCHER, from his veneration to genius, virtue, and piety. His poems were, shortly after his death, revised and published by the Rev. THOMAS DENTON, M. A. a gentleman of fine poetical taste and judgment; and in 1797 a new edition was published, to which the writer of this note contributed memoirs of the Author's life, and a Pastoral Elegy on his Death.

The poems of this pious Clergyman, though they have always ease and nature, and sometimes strength and elegance, have hitherto attracted but little notice from the public; and the reason is obvious: His pastorals, and indeed all his best pieces, being written in the Cumberland dialect (which few are able to read, and still fewer to understand), the pleasure they afford can be but local and circumscribed, and confined to such readers as are previously acquainted with the force and peculiarities of provincial phraseology. Even the poems of ROBERT BURNS, in which we find much picturesque beauty, fancy, and simplicity of sentiment, would have been more popular, if they had not been debased by the low, Scottish dialect in which too many of them are written. That beautiful pastoral comedy, "The Gentle Shepherd," has, from the same cause, never given satisfaction on the English stage; for who can be contented to hear, any length of time, a num-

ber of strange, unideal sounds? OVID, when he was banished to Geta, now Moldavia, seems to have composed, in order to amuse the solitary hours of his exile, some poems in the Moldavian dialect:

——— *Getico scripsi sermone libellum*
Structaque sunt nostris barbara verba modis.
OVIDII EPIST.

But these verses, written in a barbarous tongue, have long ago been swept away by the tide of time; and we only know that this sweet Poet was the Author of such from the poems which, in the immortal language of Rome, acquaints us with his genius and his misfortunes.

An indifferent Poet has little or no reputation to lose from adopting a coarse and vulgar phraseology: he uses such images and words as are familiar to him; and, beneath a rude, uncouth dress, conceals penury of sentiment, and sometimes gains credit for genius which he does not possess. But he who can *think*, as well as *rhime*, ought not to descend, if he wishes his works to be generally read, to the *barbara verba*—to a vulgar and impure diction.

NOTE XII.

Where useful ores in rocky caverns shine.] In the mountainous parts of Cumberland, particularly at Aldston and Caldbeck, are several rich mines of lead and copper-ore.

NOTE XIII.

Th' expiatory stream of human gore.] The victims, who were sacrificed upon the altars of the Druids, were generally men who had been guilty of heinous crimes; when these could not be procured, the innocent suffered: *Supplicia eorum, qui in furto, aut in Latrocinio, aut aliqua noxa sint comprehensi, gratiora diis immortalibus esse arbitrantur: sed quum ejus generis copia deficit, etiam ad innocentium supplicia descendunt.*

CÆSARIS COMMENT.

NOTE XIV.

Greet thee, my BOUCHER, *on thy native shore.*] This worthy Clergyman was born at Blencogo, and received a part of his education at the Grammar-School, at Wigton, under the late Rev. JOSEPH BLAINE, a man of learning and integrity, though rough and blunt in his manners, and, like GOLDSMITH's Village-Schoolmaster, "*stern to view.*" On entering into orders, he passed over to America, some time previous to the revolution in that country. On the commencement of the disturbances, he did not shrink from his duties as a Clergyman and a Citizen, or timidly accommodate himself to the opinions and views of a powerful faction; but, with great firmness and activity, supported the cause of loyalty and legal liberty.

This gentleman is also respectable in a literary point of view. A few years ago he published "The Causes and Consequences of the American Revolu-

tion," which, like all works of the same nature, has received praise and censure, according to the political opinions of its readers. He was also the able coadjutor of Mr. HUTCHINSON in his compilation of the History of Cumberland; and is the supposed Author of an anonymous pamphlet, subscribed "A Cumberland Man," published about eight years ago, and lately reprinted in Sir FREDERIC MORTON EDEN'S "State of the Poor." It is addressed to the inhabitants of Cumberland, and has for its object the improvement of that county, in every thing that can render a country happy and opulent. It is written with uncommon animation, and has received praises wherever it has been read. Its plans are certainly practicable; for they are in their principles the same by which, in all ages, empires have advanced, from their first barbarous rudiments, to refinement and distinction; and, to execute them, it requires only the firm and vigorous co-operation of the landholder and monied man, that, under their patronage, all the spirit, ingenuity, and industry of the county may be called forth and directed to one point.

Every one who is able to make comparisons must observe the inferiority and wretchedness of Cumberland. It is the *fag-end*, the *ultima Thulè*, of the kingdom; where, with opportunities of improving their situation, men are contented to live, like their rude forefathers, in wretched hovels, on the edge of moors and mosses, amidst dirt, smoke, and indigence! "We pay (says the

Author of the pamphlet) to the county-rate; but if one were asked what we have to shew for the sums thus collected, I should be at a loss to mention any thing but a few mean bridges, and a still meaner county-jail. I cannot, at present, recollect a single public work of any kind among us, set on foot by voluntary contribution. We have no poor-houses, or work-houses; no county infirmary, nor hospital; no agricultural societies; no canals; no public libraries; no institutions to promote arts and sciences; nor even any great trading company, on any large and liberal scale, to promote either fisheries or manufactories."

The author concludes his pamphlet with the following warm and patriotic wish: "O that I might but live to see this my native county, now deformed by bare and barren moors, and disgraced by an unsightly and unprofitable husbandry, and, in various other respects, lying neglected and forlorn, restored to that rank and consequence among her sister-counties, for which the bounteous AUTHOR OF NATURE has so eminently qualified her, I should then, with St. SIMON, "*depart in peace*;" and close the scene in the valedictory words of a Roman Emperor, *sat vixi mihi, sat gloriæ.*"

NOTE XV.

And to her wastes which now repel the eye.] The improvable commons in Cumberland are said to consist of near 150,000 acres, being about the one third of the

inclosed lands; but, from folly, prejudice, or indolence, they have been hitherto suffered to lie in their present unproductive state.

NOTE XVI.

Even RELPH *had wanted a plain stone to tell.*] See Note XI.

NOTE XVII.

Connect the eastern with the western coast.] The junction of the two seas was lately in agitation; and, on the report of able Surveyors and Engineers, thought practicable, and at an easy expence, considering the importance of the undertaking. The scheme, after it had filled the public mind, for a few months, with splendour, was suffered, like a speculative vision, to die away, whether for want of spirit or money, or both, though the advantages, from its execution, to the two counties, through which the intended line of navigation was to pass, would have been incalculable.

NOTE XVIII.

Oft, STALKER, *in my rural bow'rs.*] This respectable Gentleman (a native of Sebergham) went to London at a very early age, where he engaged in a mercantile line of life. He was educated at the Grammar-School, at Sebergham, under the Rev. JOHN STUBBS, a Gentleman eminently skilled in classical literature; and was class-fellow to the writer of this note, and to an amiable youth now no more—Mr. JOHN DENTON, son of the

late Rev. THOMAS DENTON, M. A. of Ashtead, in Surrey.

In BURNSIDE'S *sweet, sequester'd shade.*] BURNSIDE, where a great part of these poems was written, is situated in the north of Cumberland, on the banks of a *bourn*, or rivulet, called the HETHER. It was formerly a village of some extent, but is at present in ruins, except one solitary dwelling-house. It is beautifully embosomed in trees, and is retired, silent, and romantic.

NOTE XIX.

Ne'er him illusive PLEASURE *past.*] It is much to be regretted that the Scottish Gentlemen, who professed to be the Patrons of BURNS, had not shewn their respect to his genius in a different manner than that of introducing him to the luxuries of their tables, by which the simplicity of his manners was corrupted, and those habits of intemperance superinduced, which *ultimately led to his misery and ruin.*

Instead of taking him from his farm, and opening upon him views which could neither improve his mind nor his morals, they ought to have made him easy in his rural situation, by some pecuniary allowance annually paid, and in such a manner as not to have hurt his feelings; for dependance, when felt, depresses an ingenuous mind as much, if not more, than poverty.

Amidst the simple comforts of a pastoral life, with few wants, and those easily supplied, he would, in all probability, have remained innocent and happy; and,

like TITYRUS under his beachen shade, have expressed his happiness and his gratitude in all the melody of verse; for "POETRY (says COWLEY) was born among the Shepherds."

NOTE XX.

Thy wand'rings, hapless Maid, are past.] This unfortunate Lady was descended of a good family, in the west of Scotland. Having lost her parents at an early period of life, she was entrusted to the care of an Uncle, a man of strict integrity, but, unfortunately, was apt, like many of his countrymen, to place too great a value upon the adventitious circumstances of birth and family, in which (independent of personal merit) there can be nothing moral, or intrinsicly excellent. The beauty and accomplishments of his fair charge attracted many admirers of family and fortune; but the successful Suitor was an humble Shepherd-Youth, with no other support to his pretensions than a good understanding united to a good heart.

To his marriage with the young Lady, the humility of his birth was, with the Uncle, an objection that could not be removed, because nothing, in his opinion, could give nobility to *plebeian blood*, as nothing could give purity to the stream that was polluted at its source. The correspondence of the young Lovers was, therefore, no sooner known than all the Guardian's authority was exerted to check it: but the attempt, it is to be hoped, for the honour of human nature, would never have been made, if the consequences that attended it could have been foreseen. The young man,

whose sensibilities were acute, and honour pure, though his station was humble, died of a broken heart; and the unfortunate Lady, on being acquainted with the circumstances of his death, became deranged in her mind, left her Uncle's house, and with the crook, and two or three sheep, which her Lover had bequeathed to her, came to the north of England, where she some time wandered, with no other relief than what casual charity supplied, till death put a period to her sufferings.

Finis.

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